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SKETCH

OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, M. A. F. R. S. A.

HAVING given in our last number a brief Memoir of a literary divine, we shall now present our readers with the biography of another, equally renowned, though by no means similar in morals and writings: by contrasting characters in this manner, we trust, our delineations will be more strong.

MR. RICHARDSON was born and educated at Aberfail, in Perthshire. His father was a clergyman of the established church of Scotland, and with great fidelity, and much to the benefit of his parishioners, discharged the offices of a minister of the gospel, at Aberfail, for forty years. His mother, whose maiden name was Burrel, was of the county of Northumberland.

Young Richardson gave early indications of an extraordinary genius; his progress in learning was rapid, and a considerable taste for poetry was manifested in his juvenile productions.

When very young he was introduced to the university of Glasgow, where he passed a regular course of study in ancient languages, Belles Lettres, and philosophy, under the instruction of professors Moor, Muirhead, Dr. Adam Smith, &c. Agreeable to his father's wish, he prepared himself for the duties of a clergyman; and scarcely had commenced the study of theology, when he was appointed tutor to the late Lord Cathcart's sons. On his lordship's embassy to Russia, he accordingly accompanied his lordship and family to St. Petersburgh, where they remained four years; during which time Mr. Richardson had many opportunities of obtaining information, which were not possessed by common travellers. Being of the suite of the English ambassador, there were few points in the circles of politics, literature, and manners, which were not within his reach. Of these advantages he availed himself, and the fruits of his observations, communicated to the public in his "Russian Anecdotes," which, notwithstanding some defects and inaccuracies, afford the reader much information and entertainment.

On his lordship's return to Great Britain, Mr. Richardson accompanied his pupils to the

university of Glasgow: where, on the death of professor Muirhead, he was appointed his successor in the "Chair of Humanity." Here it should be observed, that a Professor of Humanity in Scotland is the same as on the continent, being professor of the language, literature, and antiquity of ancient Rome.

In the elevated situation of professor, our hero has been no less industrious, than when he was the humble tutor: and the repeated proofs of learning which he has displayed, have been to the university as great an honour as was the honour conferred upon him.

In the life of an author, who, in the beginning thereof, is blessed with a competency, and in the meridian of his days, acquires a state of independence, there is little or no variety: we must, therefore, conclude these brief memoirs with some cursory remarks on his writings.

The first production from our author's pen, which was introduced to the public, was "Poems, chiefly rural:" two editions of which were from the press of the celebrated Foulis, of Glasgow, and one was printed in London. These poems abound with glowing sentiments, and happy imagery.

In 1774, he published "A Philosophical Analysis, and Illustration of some of Shakespear's Dramatic Characters;" in which he discovered much taste and criticism.

In 1779, and 1780, he assisted "The

Mirror," and "The Lounger:" his papers in the former are Nos. 8, 24, and 29, vol. 1; and in the latter, No. 42. vol. 2.

In 1784, he produced "Essays on Shakespear's Dramatic Characters of King Richard the Third, King Lear, and Timon of Athens;" with an "Essay on the Faults of Shakespear, and additional Observations on the Character of Hamlet." Soon after were published, "Essays on Shakespear's Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff, and on his Imitations of Female Characters; with Observations on the chief Objects of Criticism in the Works of Shakespear." These different productions of dramatic criticism were collected into one volume in 1797, with the uniform title of "Essays on some of Shakespear's Dramatic Characters." They have passed into several editions, and are doubtless the most valuable of our author's works.

In 1790, he published "The Indians," a tragedy, which was performed with applause at the theatre royal, Richmond, and at Glasgow. This we are rather surprised to find included among the anonymous plays of that period, in "Barker's Continuation of Egerton's Theatrical Remembrancer," (by Mr. Oulton.) Indeed the work was so infamously printed, that we believe the author was awhile unwilling to acknowledge it. Such is the happy structure of the fable, that this tragedy is very interesting: one incident and

event leads to another, from the beginning to the end, in a series so closely connected, that not a scene could be omitted, or much curtailed. The narrative and descriptive parts, by their justness and propriety, contribute to the same effect. The dialogue is appropriate, the diction suitable, and what at first may seem faults in the language, are undoubtedly errors of the press.

Who, that has ever seen a beautiful and ingenuous child shedding its penitentiary tears on the breast of a forgiving and consoling mother, will refuse approbation to the following picture?

"Sweet reconciliation! beauteous child
Of rashness and of love! that weeps delight,
And on the gentle bosom of forgiveness
Covers its blushing face: and weeps, and sheds
The kindly dew that nourishes affection."

In 1801, he published "The Maid of Lochlin," a Lyrical Drama, with Legendary Odes, and other Poems. This Lyrical Drama will be read with pleasure by those who are admirers of Ossian, from whence the principal of its beauties are derived.

The poems subjoined are neatly and elegantly written. As a specimen we shall select the following "Elegiac Verses on the Prospect of leaving Britain; written at Eton College."

To thee my filial bosom beats,
On thee may heaven indulgent smile;
And glad thy innocent retreats,
And bless thee, lovely Aberfoyle!*
How pleasing to my pensive mind,
The memory of the bold cascade!
Thy green woods waving to the wind,
The streams in every vocal glade!

The simple church, the school-house green,
The gambols of the school-boy crew,
Meadows, and pools that gleam between,
Rush on my recollective view;
Shades too, and lanes, by old age sought,
To wander in at close of day,
To ruminate the pious thought,
And pray for children far away.

Timely descend ye fost'ring showers!
With plenty bless that humble vale;
And fair arise, ye fragrant flowers!
And healthful blow, thou western gale!
And there meand'ring Avendow,
By no invidious fen defil'd,
Clear may thy youthful current flow,
And love to linger in the wild!

I see thee mid thy Grampian hills,
I see thy youthful current clear,
While tender recollection fills
My rapt eye with a silent tear.

* A picturesque valley, in the most southern district of Perthshire, from which issues the river Forth, called in Gaëlic language, which is still spoken there, Avendow, or Black River, in allusion, perhaps, to the colour it receives from an extensive morass, through which it passes, in its way to Stirling and the Lothians.

Far from that inland vale along
Etonia's classic ground I stray,
Where list'ning to melodious song,
Their speed the Naiad nymphs delay.

Hail, Windsor, hail! a stranger greets
Thy lofty tow'rs, thy lawns, and groves:
Freedom reveres thy gay retreats;
The Muse thy silken shelter loves,
And must I leave th' enchanting scene,
To hear the prison'd Baltic roar?
And Thames's willow'd margin green
Relinquish, for a Scythian shore?

Where Dago, hideous isle, and steep,
With no refreshing verdure crown'd,
Frowns dark and dismal o'er the deep,
That raves with canine ire around!
Where Neva flows, but flows in vain,
To bless a land of savage slaves;
Nor ever heard the native strain
Of Freedom soothe his swelling waves!

Where wintry winds fierce battle wage,
And Nature's lovely form deface:
And lawless power, with fiercer rage,
Dares to degrade the human race!—
Ah! must I leave thee, peerless queen
Of isles, to hear the Baltic roar!
And Thames's willow'd margin green
Relinquish, for a Scythian shore!

Yet still presiding in my breast,
May soothing peace of mind remain;
With smile serene, that heavenly guest,
Preserve th' untainted heart from pain.
Alike secure from anxious fear,
And th' angry jealousies of pride,
That coy divinity will ne'er
With selfishness or guile abide.

From innocent and gentle hearts
She wards the flying shafts of woe;
And bliss more exquisite imparts
Than arrogating monarchs know,
Tho' peers and princes round them wait;
Tho' fawning minions prostrate bend;
Tho' partial Fame proclaim them great;
And nations on their nod depend.

O blind to Truth's unerring light,
Who tread the paths of guilty Care;
Who climb Ambition's giddy height;
And think that Peace may sojourn there.
She dwells not on the mountain's brow,
Tho' crown'd with many a fulgent tower;
Sequester'd in the vale below,
She weaves unseen her silvan bower.

O, Virtue! guided by thy ray,
My wishes by thy power refin'd,
Still may I hold the onward way,
And so enjoy sweet peace of mind.
And when my wand'ring days are fled,
I'll seek again my native stream;
If kind affection be not dead,
And Fancy yield no pleasing dream.

For oft the world's untoward ways
Have power the glowing heart to chill;
To quench imagination's blaze,
And Hope's unwary blossom kill.
Deign to preserve me, Virtue, deign
To save me from desponding care;
Till, duly disciplin'd, I gain
The palm thy faithful servants wear.

In private life, Professor Richardson has ever been most justly respected: his early and continued attachment to religion and mo-

rality has rendered him an useful and honourable guardian of youth, in that celebrated university to which he belongs. His conversation is peculiarly chaste, his manners affable, and his friendships warm and constant.

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THE CHASE;

BY WILLIAM SOMERVILE, ESQ.

THE fourth and last book treats of the necessity of destroying some beasts, and preserving others, for the use of man. Also the rules of breeding and preserving, well worthy the huntsman's attention.

The following is a description of otter-hunting.

This subtle spoiler of the beaver kind,
Far off, perhaps, where ancient altars shade
The deep still pool, within some hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch; whence he surveys
His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all
The finny shoals his own. But you, brave youths,
Dispute the felon's claim; try ev'ry root,
And ev'ry reedy bank; encourage all
The busy spreading pack, that fearless plunge
Into the flood, and cross the rapid stream.
Bid rocks and caves, and each resounding shore,
Proclaim your bold defiance; loudly raise

Each cheering voice, till distant hills repeat
The triumphs of the vale. On the soft sand
See there his seal impress'd! and on that bank
Behold the glitt'ring spoils, half-eaten fish,
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feast.
Ah! on that yielding sag-bed, see, once more
His seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy marsh
The sly goose-footed prowler bends his course,
And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman, bring
Thy eager pack, and trail him to his couch.
Hark! the loud peal begins, the clam'rous joy,
The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.
Ye Naiads fair, who o'er these floods preside,
Raise up your dripping heads above the wave,
And hear our melody. Th' harmonious notes
Float with the stream; and ev'ry winding creek
And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood
Nods pendant, still improve from shore to shore
Our sweet reiterated joys. What shouts!
What clamour loud! What gay heart-cheering sounds
Urge thro' the breathing brass their mazy way!
Nor choirs of Tritons glad with sprightlier strains
The dancing billows; when proud Neptune rides
In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily
They snuff the fishy steam, that to each blade
Rank-scenting clings! See! how the morning dews
They sweep, that from their feet besprinkling drop
Dispers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.
Now on firm land they range; then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous; or thro' reedy pools
Rustling they work their way: no holt escapes
Their curious search. With quick sensation now
The fuming vapour stings; flutter their hearts,
And joy redoubled bursts from ev'ry mouth
In louder symphonies. Yon hollow trunk,

That with its hoary head incurv'd salutes
The passing wave, must be the tyrant's fort,
And dread abode. How these impatient climb,
While others at the root incessant bay:
They put him down. See, there he dives along!
Th' ascending bubbles mark his gloomy way.
Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
Into the shelt'ring deeps. Ah, there he vents!
The pack plunge headlong, and protended spears
Menace destruction: while the troubled surge
Indignant foams, and all the scaly kind
Affrighted, hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,
And loud uproar. Ah, there once more he vents!
See, that bold hound has seized him; down they sink,
Together lost: but soon shall he repent
His rash assault. See there escap'd, he flies
Half-drown'd, and clambers up the slippery bank
With ooze and blood distain'd. Of all the brutes,
Whether by nature form'd, or by long use,
This artful diver best can bear the want
Of vital air. Unequal is the fight,
Beneath the whelming element. Yet there
He lives not long; but respiration needs
At proper intervals. Again he vents;
Again the crowd attack. That spear has pierc'd
His neck; the crimson waves confess the wound.

The close of this poem is both sublime and interesting.—

Ye guardian pow'rs who make mankind your care,
Give me to know wise Nature's hidden depths,
Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment read
Th' expanded volume, and submiss adore
That great creative Will, who at a word
Spoke forth the wond'rous scene. But if my soul

To this gross clay confin'd, flutters on earth
With less ambitious wing, unskill'd to range
From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way,
And view with piercing eyes the grand machine,
Worlds above worlds, subservient to his voice,
Who, veil'd in clouded majesty, alone
Gives light to all; bids the great system move,
And changeful seasons, in their turns advance,
Unmov'd, unchang'd himself: yet this, at least,
Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,
Calm and serene, nor lost in false pursuits
Of wealth or honours; but enough to raise
My drooping friends, preventing modest want
That dares not ask. And if to crown my joys,
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline; fields, woods, and streams,
Each tow'ring hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my cheering voice, my hounds shall wake
The lazy morn, and glad th' horizon round.

For the Monthly Visitor.

THE HAPPY RECLUSE.

A MORAL TALE.

(Continued from p. 282.)

MERCATOR pays every attention to the education of his daughter Arabella, whose mind gradually expands with her opening years; even the dawn of reason gives him inexpressible pleasure, and he does all in his power to improve it. He takes her sometimes upon his knee, and as he looks upon her, her dear mother is brought to his remem-

brance.—She is gone, says he, to a better world, and I shall soon follow her. No kind of amusement, or business, can eradicate the remembrance of her from his mind. Arabella endears herself to him more than ever; she discovers an agreeable temper; her features are formed to please. He places her under a venerable governess, and proper masters instruct her in the different branches of polite literature. She is early initiated into the history of the bible, as well as into the history of her own country. Geography she is well versed in, as well as the knowledge of the French language. She sings inimitably well, and dances in the most graceful manner. Mercator presents her with a beautiful edition of Mrs. Trimmer's and Barbauld's Works, together with Mrs. Pilkington's Female Biography. He guards her against the flights of enthusiasm, and encourages female piety. She reads to him at times lessons from the Christian Parent and Telemachus. He stores her mind with virtuous sentiments, and speaks of the Divine Being with the most profound veneration. He speaks of the importance of true religion—that she will be miserable in life without it—and that it is the only way to make her happy. Thus Mercator discovers a proper concern for the education of his daughter. I may, says he, leave her a good fortune, but it can be of no service to her without piety. She will be exposed to misery, if her mind be not stored with useful know-

ledge, and she may be the dupe of a designing villain. He does not, therefore, forget to pray for his darling child, that God may bless her, and make her useful in life. He likewise consults the best treatises on female education; such as that of Archbishop Fenelon, and Mrs. Hannah More, and selects the best advice. Arabella begins now to attract public attention;—she has many admirers—some are pleased with her beauty, others with her good sense. Mercator is afraid of the consequence of admiration; he therefore cautions her against flattery, as a pernicious evil. Finding her alone one day, he thus addressed her:—"My dear Arabella, you are now arrived to an age, in which you will be exposed to peculiar danger; man, with all his accomplishments, is very artful; he will betray if possible unguarded innocence, therefore trust him not. Be circumspect in your whole behaviour; give him no encouragement; for if you do, he will take advantage of your simplicity. The affections will be the source of happiness and misery to you. They are given you by your kind Creator, for the most noble purposes; but they are very much to be guarded. Love is a noble passion, it is productive of lasting felicity, and therefore it is to be cultivated with the greatest industry; but it is not to be misplaced. If solid worth be united with amiable manners, it may be indulged. The temper is to be regarded, as essential to form an happy union in life;

without it, all the blandishments of fortune are insignificant. Probity of character is also of great importance; for man may promise fair, but after all be a great deceiver. But if modest worth be presented to your view, with all the simplicity of a good character, you cannot prize it too much.—Mere fortune without it will prove only a curse.—Self-interest has proved the ruin of millions. For when the calamities of life press upon the mind, if it be destitute of christian fortitude, it will inevitably sink under them. Let your attachment, my dear, be tried, for the mercenary villain will soon forsake you. It is the property of true affection to be lasting. It acquires strength by age, and therefore will not diminish. It is stronger than death itself. It is the bond of union in a better world. There kindred minds unite together for ever and ever. Thus my dear Constantia and myself were united—death has not destroyed our union, in mind we are still joined; and we expect to meet soon to part no more. May you, Arabella, tread in her lovely steps; may you with her inherit the promises. She was a christian indeed; for she evidenced her religion by the most ardent piety, and the purest benevolence. May you imbibe, my dear daughter, her amiable spirit, and at last be partaker of her felicity." Thus did Mercator perform the duty of an affectionate parent to a lovely daughter.

T. M.

MEMOIRS

OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

(Concluded from page 260.)

I HAVE mentioned, that Mr. Jones was called to the bar in 1774, but had declined practise: from this period, however, he seems to have been fully sensible of the necessity of devoting himself exclusively to his legal studies. The ambition of obtaining distinction in his profession could not fail to animate a mind always ardent in the pursuit of the objects which it had in view, nor was he of a temper to be satisfied with mediocrity, where perfection was attainable. His researches and studies were not confined to any one branch of jurisprudence, but embraced the whole in its fullest extent. He compared the doctrines and principles of ancient legislators with the later improvements in the science of law, he collated the various codes of the different states of Europe, and collected professional knowledge wherever it was to be found. If the reader recollects the enthusiasm displayed by Mr. Jones, in the prosecution of his Oriental studies, the extent and depth of his attainments in the literature of Asia, and the high reputation which he had acquired from them, he will readily applaud his resolu-

tion and perseverance in renouncing his favourite pursuits. That he acted wisely will be admitted, but the sacrifice of inclination to duty, affords an example of too great use and importance to pass without particular observation.

In 1775, for the first time, he attended the spring circuit, and sessions at Oxford; but whether as a spectator, or actor, on that occasion, I am not informed. In the following year he was regular in his attendance at Westminster-Hall.

In the memoirs of Mr. Jones, the year seventeen hundred and eighty forms an interesting æra, in which his occupations were diversified, his prospects extended, and his hopes expanded, more than at any former period of his life. His professional practice had greatly encreased, and suggested the fairest hopes of progressive enlargement, and augmented profit; but as his views were more particularly directed to the vacant seat on the bench of Fort William, in Bengal, and as from the kindness of Lord North, he was authorized to expect the earl's attainment of it, he was less solicitous to procure an augmentation of business, which, in the event of success in his India pursuits, he must altogether abandon. In this state of suspense, the political events of the times, received a more than ordinary share of his attention: he did not, however, enrol himself with any party; but looking up to the constitution and liberty

of his country, as the objects of his political adoration, he cultivated an extensive acquaintance with men of all parties, and of the first rank and talents, without any sacrifice of principle or opinion. No man had ever more right to apply to himself the character of "nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri." With respect to the American war, he early adopted sentiments upon it unfavourable to the justice of the British cause; and this opinion once formed, would naturally acquire strength from the protraction of the contest, which he lamented with the feelings of a true patriot, and friend to humanity. These reflections dictated a very animated and classical Ode to Liberty, which he composed in Latin, and printed in March: it strongly displays his genius, erudition, feelings, and political principles.

Sir Roger Newdigate, having declared his intention of vacating his seat in parliament, as representative of the university of Oxford, Mr. Jones was induced by a laudable ambition, and the encouragement of many respectable friends, to come forward as a candidate.

The conduct of Mr. Jones, throughout the business of the election, displays his characteristical integrity and manly principles. To have succeeded would have been most honourable to him; his failure was attended with no disgrace. From the letters written, or received by him, on this occasion, a much

larger selection might have been made, and many persons of the first respectability named, as the unsolicited supporters of Mr. Jones. It was greatly to his credit, that with no other influence than that of his character and abilities, he should have been deemed worthy of being nominated a candidate, to represent the university of Oxford, one of the most distinguished in the world for science and virtue. His affectionate attachment to this seat of learning, and his respectful veneration for it were known and admitted, as well as the spirit of independence, which at all times, and under all circumstances, marked his character. His opinion, respecting the effect of his Ode to Liberty, on the disposition of some of the voters, countenances the suspicions of his friend Schultens; it is certain, however, that if he had succeeded in his election, he would have employed all the superior talents which Schultens justly ascribes to him, with zeal and assiduity, in discharging the duties of a senator. To obtain it was his highest ambition, and he would have cheerfully sacrificed to it (to repeat his own words) "not only an Indian judgeship, of six thousand a year, but a nabobship with as many millions."

Notwithstanding the various occupations attending the Oxford election, Mr. Jones found time to publish a small pamphlet, entitled, "An Enquiry into the legal Mode of suppressing Riots, with a constitutional Plan of future Defence. This publication was sug-

gested ... the unfortunate necessity of calling in military assistance to suppress the riots, which, from the second to the eighth of June of that year, had desolated the capital. He had unhappily been, as he observes, a vigilant and indignant spectator of those abominable enormities: he had also seen, with a mixed sensation of anguish and joy, the vigorous and triumphant exertions of the executive power; and though he admitted the necessity of those exertions, he deplored it.

Impressed with the fullest "conviction, that the common and statute laws of the realm, then in force, give the civil state in every county a power, which, if it were perfectly understood, and continually prepared, would effectually quell any riot or insurrection, without assistance from the military, and even without the modern Riot-Act," he undertook to demonstrate it: and the labour of less than a month, produced the occasional tract, which he published in July.

Of the plan which he then proposed, it is sufficient to say, that during late years the principle of it has been advantageously adopted; and that, while the internal peace of the country has been preserved, its defence against external aggression has been no less consulted by the armed associations, which, under different names, have been legally established in every county of Great Britain.

From the public occurrences in which Mr. Jones was engaged, I now turn to a domestic

calamity, the death of his mother, which involved him in the deepest affliction. If, as a parent, she had the strongest claims upon the gratitude and affection of her son, the obligations of filial duty were never more chearfully and zealously discharged than by Mr. Jones. To her able instruction he was indebted for the first rudiments of literature; she directed his early studies, formed his habits and his taste; and, by the closest attention to economy, was enabled to promote his progress in learning, by supplying the funds for this purpose. From the period of his obtaining a fellowship, he had declined receiving any assistance from her purse; and as his professional profits encreased, his own was ever at her disposal. During his residence at Oxford, the time which he did not employ in study, or college duties, was devoted to her: his attention was equally the result of principle and affection. She was the confidant of his plans, hopes, and occupations, and he invariably consulted her on all occasions, where his more important interests were concerned. The kindness, as well as the sincerity of his affection, was shewn in numberless instances, which never failed to attract the observation of his friends and associates, although they are too minute to he particularized; and the satisfaction which he derived from the distinction to which his abilities had raised him, was redoubled from the consideration that his mother participated in it. I regret that none

of his letters to his mother have been preserved, as they would have exhibited an amiable and striking part of his character.

A long list might be formed of works which he meditated at different periods. He had projected a Treatise on Maritime Contracts, and with a view to the completion of this work, he commissioned a friend to purchase for him the Collections of Heineccius, containing the Dissertations of Stypman and Kerrick, with any other works that could be procured on the same subject. It was also his intention to re-publish Lyttleton's Treatise on Tenures, from the first edition of 1482, with a new translation, explanatory notes, and a commentary; and to prefix an Introductory Discourse on the Laws of England. He had made a considerable progress towards the completion of this work, which still exists, but not in a sufficient degree of advancement for publication.

I have remarked the extraordinary avidity with which he availed himself of every opportunity to acquire knowledge, but I have omitted to mention his attendance during a course of anatomical lectures, by the celebrated Hunter; and amongst other sciences which he diligently and successfully cultivated, I have still to mention the Mathematics, in which he had advanced so far, as to read and understand Newton's Principia.

Having brought to a close that portion of his life, which was passed in England, I must

now prepare the reader to transport himself with him to Hindostan.

To those who are destitute of internal resources, whose habits have led them to seek for amusement in the miscellaneous occurrences and topics of the day only, a sea voyage is a period of fatigue, languor, and anxiety. To Sir William Jones every new scene was interesting, and his mind, exercised by incessant study and reflection, possessed an inexhaustible fund of subjects, which he could at pleasure select and apply to the purposes of recreation and improvement; but his application during his voyage was more particularly directed to those studies, by which he was to enlarge the requisite qualifications for discharging the duties of his public station, with satisfaction to himself, and benefit to the community.

In the course of the voyage he stopped at Madeira, and in ten additional weeks of prosperous sailing, from the rugged islands of Cape Verd, arrived at Hinzuan, or Joanna. Of this island, where he remained a few days only, he has published an interesting and amusing description. He expatiates with rapture on his approach to it, delineates, with the skill of an artist, the beauties of the scenery, and sketches, with the discriminating pen of a philosopher, the characters and manners of the unpolished, but hospitable natives. The novelty of the scene was attractive, and its impression upon his mind is

strongly marked by the following just and elegant reflection, which in substance is more than once repeated in his writings.—" If life were not too short for the complete discharge of all our respective duties, public and private, and for the acquisition even of necessary knowledge, in any degree of perfection, with how much pleasure and improvement might a great part of it be spent, in admiring the beauties of this wonderful orb, and contemplating the nature of man in all its varieties."

But if would be injustice to his memory, to pass over, without particular notice, the sensible and dignified rebuke, with which he repelled the rude attack of Mussulman bigotry, on the divinity of our Saviour. During a visit, which he made to a native of the island, a Coran was produced for his inspection, and his attention was pointedly directed to a passage in a commentary, accusing the Christians of blasphemy, in calling our Saviour the Son of God. " The commentator," he replied, " was much to blame for passing so indiscriminate and hasty a censure; the title which gave your legislators, and which gives you such offence, was often applied in *Judea* by a bold figure, agreeably to the *Hebrew* idiom, though unusual in *Arabic*, to *angels*, to *holy men*, and even to *all mankind*, who are commanded to call God their father; and in this large sense the Apostle to the Romans, calls the elect the *children* of God, and the Messiah the *first born among many brethren;* but the

words *only begotten* are applied transcendantly and incomparably to him alone; and as for me, who believe the Scriptures which you also profess to believe, though you assert without proof, that we have altered them, I cannot refuse him an appellation, though far surpassing our reason, by which he is distinguished in the gospel; and the believers in Mahommed, who expressly name him the Messiah, and pronounces him to have been born of a virgin, (which alone might fully justify the phrase condemned by this author) are themselves condemnable for cavilling at words, when they cannot object to the substance of our faith, consistently with their own."

This quotation affords a decisive proof of the belief of Sir William Jones, in the sublime doctrines of the Christian religion. Had he been an infidel, he would have smiled at the scoffs of Mussulman bigotry; and had he been indifferent to his faith, he would have been silent on an occasion, where he could expect neither candour nor concessions from his antagonists. Indeed he was well aware, that a religious dispute with those zealots would have been fruitless and unseasonable, and might have been dangerous; but, as it was inconsistent with his principles, to disavow or conceal what he firmly believed and professed, he could not suffer the attack to pass without reprehension, and he grounded it on premises which his opponents could not dispute, nor did they venture to answer.

From Hinznan to the Ganges nothing material occurred, and he landed at Calcutta in September, 1783. His reputation had preceded his arrival, which was anxiously expected, and he had the happiness to find, that his appointment had diffused a general satisfaction, which his presence now rendered complete. The students of the Oriental languages were eager to welcome a scholar, whose erudition in that branch of literature was unrivalled, and whose labours and genius had assisted their progress; while the public rejoiced in the possession of a magistrate, whose probity and independance were no less acknowledged than his abilities.

With what rapture he himself contemplated his new situation, may be more easily conceived than described. As a magistrate of the supreme court of judicature, he had now that opportunity which he ever ardently desired, of devoting his talents to the service of his native country, and of promoting the happiness of the community in which he resided; while the history, antiquities, natural productions, arts, sciences, and literature of Asia, opened an extensive and almost boundless field to his enquiries. He was now placed amidst a people, whose pretensions to antiquity had hitherto eluded research, and whose manners, religion, and customs, still retained the same characteristical peculiarities by which they were originally distinguished. Time, who spreads the veil of oblivion over the opinions

and works of mankind, who annihilates empires, and the records of their existence, had spared the doctrines and language of the followers of Brama; and, amidst the ravages of conquest, and oppressions of tyranny, seemed to protect with parental care some of the earliest monuments of his reign. The Hindoos, in fact, presented to the observation of Sir William Jones a living picture of antiquity; and although the colouring might be somewhat faded and obscured, the lineaments of the original character were still discernible by the most superficial observer, whilst he remarked them with discrimination and rapture.

In December, 1783, he entered upon his judicial functions, and at the opening of the sessions, delivered his first charge to the grand jury. The public had formed a high estimate of his oratorical powers, nor were they disappointed. His address was elegant, concise, and appropriate: the exposition of his sentiments and principles was equally manly and conciliatory, and calculated to inspire general satisfaction, as the known sincerity of his character was a test of his adherence to his professions. In glancing at dissentions, which at no remote period, had unfortunately prevailed between the supreme executive and judicial powers in Bengal, he shewed that they might, and ought to be avoided; that the functions of both were distinct, and could be exercised without danger of collision, in pro-

moting what should be the object of both, the public good.

In the intervals of leisure, from his professional duties, he directed his attention to scientific objects; he soon saw that the field of research in India, was of an extent to baffle the industry of any individual, and that whatever success might attend his own indefatigable labours, it could only be explored by the united efforts of many. With these ideas, he devised the institution of a society in Calcutta, on a plan of those established in the principal cities of Europe, as best calculated to excite and facilitate the enquiries of the ingenious, as affording the means of preserving the numerous little tracts and essays, which otherwise would be lost to the public, and of concentrating all the valuable knowledge, which might be obtained in Asia. The suggestion was received with the greatest satisfaction by several gentlemen to whom he communicated it, and the members of the new association assembled for the first time, in January, 1784.

I now turn to the last scene of the life of Sir William Jones. On the evening of the 20th of April, or nearly about that date, after prolonging his walk to a late hour, during which he had imprudently remained in conversation, in an unwholesome situation, he called upon the writer of these sheets, and complained of agueish symptoms, mentioning his intention to take some medicine, and re-

peating jocularly an old proverb, that "an ague in the spring is medicine for a king." He had no suspicion at the time, of the real nature of his indisposition, which proved, in fact, to be a complaint common in Bengal, an inflammation in the liver. The disorder was, however, soon discovered by the penetration of the physician, who after two or three days was called to his assistance; but it had then advanced too far to yield to the efficacy of the medicine usually prescribed, and they were administered in vain. The progress of the complaint was uncommonly rapid, and terminated fatally on the 27th of April, 1794. On the morning of that day his attendants, alarmed at the evident symptoms of approaching dissolution, came precipitately to call the friend who has now the melancholy task of recording the mournful event: not a moment was lost in repairing to his house. He was lying on his bed, in a posture of meditation, and the only symptom of remaining life was a small degree of motion in the heart, which, after a few seconds, ceased, and he expired without a pang or groan. His bodily suffering, from the complacency of his features, and the ease of his attitude, could not have been severe; and his mind must have derived consolation from those sources, where he had been in the habit of seeking it, and where alone, in our last moments, it can ever be found.

The deep regret which I felt at the time,

that the apprehensions of the attendants of Sir William Jones had not induced them to give me earlier notice of the extremity of his situation, is not yet obliterated. It would have afforded me an opportunity of performing the pleasing but painful office, of soothing his last moments, and I should have felt the sincerest gratification in receiving his latest commands; nor would it have been less satisfactory to the public, to have known the dying sentiments and behaviour of a man, who had so long and deservedly enjoyed so large a portion of their esteem and admiration.

An anecdote of Sir William Jones, upon what authority I know not, has been recorded, that immediately before his dissolution, he retired to his closet, and expired in the act of adoration to his Creator. Such a circumstance would have been conformable to his prevailing habits of thinking and reflection; but it is not founded in fact: he died upon his bed, and in the same room in which he had remained from the commencement of his indisposition.

The funeral ceremony was performed on the following day, with the honours due to his public station: and the numerous attendance of the most respectable British inhabitants of Calcutta, evinced their sorrow for his loss, and their respect for his memory.

If my success, in describing the life of Sir William Jones, has been proportionate to my wishes, and to my admiration of his chara-

ter, any attempt to delineate it must now be superfluous. I cannot, however, resist the impulse of recapitulating in substance what has been particularly detailed in the course of this work.

In the short space of forty-seven years, by the exertion of rare intellectual talents, he acquired a knowledge of arts, sciences, and languages, which has seldom been equalled, and perhaps never surpassed. If he did not attain the critical proficiency of a Porson, or Parr, in Grecian literature, yet his knowledge of it was most extensive and profound, and entitled him to a high rank in the first class of scholars, while, as a philologist, he could boast an universality in which he had no rival. His skill, in the idioms of India, Persia, and Arabia, has perhaps never been equalled by any European; and his compositions on Oriental subjects, display a taste which we seldom find in the writings of those who had preceded him in these tracts of literature. The language of Constantinople was also familiar to him, and of the Chinese characters and tongue, he had learned enough to enable him to translate an ode of Confucius. In the modern dialects of Europe, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and German, he was thoroughly conversant, and had perused the most admired writers in those languages.

But mere philology was never considered by Sir William Jones as the end of his studies, nor as any thing more than the medium

through which knowledge was to be acquired; he knew that "words were the daughters of earth, and things the sons of heaven," and would have disdained the character of a mere linguist. In the little sketch of a treatise on education, which has been inserted in these memoirs, he describes the use of language, and the necessity of acquiring the languages of those people who, in any period of the world, have been distinguished by their superior knowledge, in order to add to our own researches the accumulated wisdom of all ages and nations. Accordingly, with the keys of learning in his possession, he was qualified to unlock the literary hoards of ancient and modern times, and to display the treasures deposited in them, for the use, entertainment, or instruction of mankind. In the course of his labours we find him elucidating the laws of Athens, India, and Arabia, comparing the philosophy of the Porch, the Lyceum, and Academy, with the doctrines of the Sufis and Bramins, and by a rare combination of taste and erudition, exhibiting the mythological fictions of the Hindoos in strains not unworthy the sublimest Grecian bards. In the eleven discourses, which he addressed to the Asiatic society, on the history, civil and natural, the antiquities, arts, sciences, philosophy, and literature of Asia, and on the origin and families of nations, he has discussed the subjects which he professed to explain, with a perspicuity which delights and instructs, and in a

style which never ceases to please where his arguments may not always convince. In these disquisitions he has more particularly displayed his profound Oriental learning, in illustrating topics of great importance in the history of mankind,; and it is much to be lamented, that he did not live to revise and improve them in England, with the advantages of accumulated knowledge, and undisturbed leisure.

ON THE

RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE ARTS.

IT has long been a favourite opinion amongst the learned, both ancient and modern, that the Egyptians were acquainted with the arts and sciences, when all the other people were in a state of ignorance. We are told they discovered geometry, in making the divisions of land, after the annual overflowing of the Nile; that the clearness of their atmosphere enabled them to make astronomical observations sooner than other people; and that the fertility of their country gave rise to trade, by enabling them to supply all their neighbours with corn, and other necessaries of life. These arguments are, however, more specious than true; for, if we owe the discovery of geometry to the overflowing of the Nile, of astronomy to the clearness of the at-

mosphere, and of trade to the fertility of the soil, in that part of Hindostan which is within the tropic, there are still larger rivers, which overflow annually, a clearer sky, and a more fertile soil. The Nile only once a year affords a supply of water to the countries on its banks, and the small quantity of rain that falls there at other times, does not furnish moisture enough to keep up the smallest degree of vegetation. Whereas the rivers in Hindostan, particularly those on the coast of Coromandel, are regularly filled with water twice a year, first from the rains which fall in June, July, and August, in the Balagat mountains, where the sources of those rivers lie; and afterwards from the N. E. monsoon, or rainy season, which continues on the Coromandel coast during the months of October, November, and December. With respect to the goodness of the climate, or the clearness of the atmosphere, for the purpose of astronomy, there can be no comparison between Egypt and Hindostan; for at night, during the greater part of the year, in Hindostan, there is scarcely a cloud to be seen in the sky, and the air, especially in the southern countries, is never disagreeably cold; so that an astronomer would have every opportunity and inducement to pursue his studies in the open air; whereas in Egypt, the sky is often cloudy, and the air so cold as to make it unpleasant to be out of doors after sun-set.

The Indians had also very evidently the ad-

vantage of the Egyptians, with respect to clothing, which is one of the necessaries, or at least one of the comforts of life; for if we suppose men first clothed themselves in the skins of animals, India abounds in vast forests, and extensive fertile plains, where animals of all kinds, both savage and tame, must have bred infinitely faster than in the barren deserts of Upper Egypt: but in a hot country, the natives would naturally prefer garments made of woven cotton. Now the cotton shrub is very rare in Egypt, even at this time; and it is well known to have grown in India, and to have been fabricated into cloth, ever since we have had any acquaintance with that country. From these premises, therefore, it is natural to suppose, that the Indians, in the early ages, were much more likely to supply the Egyptians with the necessaries and comforts of life, than to be supplied by them; that the Indians would at least have as much occasion for geometry as the Egyptians; and that they had at least equal, if not greater, advantages for pursuing the study of astronomy. Thus far, however, all is but conjecture; for we have no tradition, or history of those times, when either the Egyptians or the Indians were in an uncivilized state: but if we pursue the subject, we shall find very evident proofs, that when an intercourse did take place between them, the Egyptians received from Hindostan all those articles of luxury which the Greeks and Romans purchased again from them. It

would be both tedious and unnecessary to enumerate all these; I shall, therefore, content myself with particularizing silk, spices, pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones.

It was formerly supposed that most of these articles came from Arabia Felix; but this error has long since been exploded. It is now well known they were none of them the produce of Arabia, but were brought thither by vessels from India, and from thence were carried up the Red Sea, with other productions of that country.

It may perhaps be objected, that the Egyptians and the Arabians are generally supposed to have known the art of navigation before the Indians, and of course, that although India may produce spices, &c. the Egyptians and Arabians went thither to fetch them. History being entirely silent on this subject, we can only endeavour to ascertain this matter, by stating the arguments on both sides the question.

In all probability, before any intercourse subsisted between the Indians and Egyptians, both people knew how to construct small boats, or rather rafts, for crossing deep rivers, and even for transporting themselves by water from one place to another in the same country; but, at the same time, it must be allowed, that the Indians had much better materials, for building both small and large boats, than either the Egyptians, or even the Arabians: and the boats of the present day plain-

ly shew in what manner the Indians made use of these materials. The planks are made of a light, buoyant, pliant wood, sewed together with coir, or the rind of the cocoa-nut, made into a kind of small cord; all the large ropes are made of the same materials, and even the oars themselves are formed of one straight pole, with a piece of flat board tied upon it with a coir string, to form the blade of the oar. The present large country boats, of forty and fifty tons, especially those belonging to the Lacidivi and Maldivi islands, are still built in the same manner, with no other difference than being on a larger scale: with these in a fair season they make voyages many degrees out of sight of land; yet nothing of the kind, nor even the first essays of the art, could have been more rude than these now are. It is highly probable, therefore, that as soon as they knew the latitude of the Straits of Babelmandel, and were furnished with instruments for making observations, they ventured to pass over from the Malabar coast to that of Arabia.

I may perhaps be asked, when and how it was they became acquainted with the latitude of these straits? that is a difficulty I believe no person can solve, any more than myself; but it is possible that there was once a chain of islands, nearly in sight of each other, from the Malabar coast to that of Arabia, most of which may have been swallowed up in some great convulsion of nature, so as to leave no

remains, excepting the island of Socotra, and those of Lacidivi and Maldivi. But even supposing no such islands to have existed, still surely, as the Indians had good materials for building vessels, and a sea to sail upon, that is governed by regular currents and periodical winds, neither of which the Egyptians had, we may rather suppose that the produce of Hindostan was carried to Egypt by the Indians, than that it was fetched away from thence by the Egyptians.

If the Indians required nothing from the Egyptians, either of the necessaries or comforts of life; if the Egyptians got spices, and other articles of luxury, from India; and if the natives of India were first acquainted with the science of astronomy, and the arts of navigation, all of which I think are probable, it is but reasonable to suppose, that the arts and sciences were first known in India, and from thence were brought up the Red Sea to Egypt.

I am well aware, that the advocates for Egypt will call upon me to produce any remains of antiquity in India so ancient as the pyramids. To these gentlemen I shall oppose one impossibility to another, by asking them to trace back the building of Gour, which seven hundred and thirty years before Christ, was the capital of Bengal, or of the better known Palibothra of the ancients, which was the capital of India long before Alexander's time. As a further proof, that the natives of

Hindostan were in an advanced state of civilization near two thousand years ago, I shall also beg leave to observe, that a plate of copper was lately dug up at Mongheer, engraved with Shanscrit characters, which contains a conveyance, or grant of land, from Bickeram-Geet, raja of Bengal, to one of his subjects, and dated near one hundred years before the Christian era. To enter into a long detail of reasoning upon this plate cannot be necessary; for one may in an instant conceive how long the arts and sciences must have been known in Hindostan, before these regular divisions of land took place, and the grants of them were engraved on copper, in such characters as would not disgrace our most skilful artists, even at this time.

The ingenious Mr. Halhed, in the preface of his Bengal Grammar, informs us, that the raja of Kishnagur, who, he says, is by far the most learned and able antiquary that Bengal has produced within this century, positively affirms, that he has in his own possession Shanscrit books, which give an account of a communication formerly subsisting between India and Egypt, wherein the Egyptians are constantly described as disciples, and not as instructors, of the Indians; and as seeking that liberal education, and those sciences, in Hindostan, which none of their own countrymen had sufficient knowledge to impart. This evidence of the learned raja has great weight with me, especially as there are books now

extant in Bengal, written in the Shanscrit language, which are copies of others, said, by the Bramins, to be dated more than two thousand two hundred years before the Christian era. This fact admitted, and I firmly believe it very possible to be proved, the Egyptians must appear a modern people in comparison with the natives of Hindostan; for when the former were advanced no farther in literature than the construction of hieroglyphics, the latter were masters of books, written in a language which had then attained a great degree of perfection.

But this is not all that may be urged in favour of the claims of the Indians; some further proofs will appear, upon examining the general state of commerce at that time all over the globe. In Europe it was very trifling, and only a corner of Africa was ever known, consequently, whatever commerce then existed must have come from Asia. About this time there was a chain, or if I may be allowed the expression, a street of magnificent cities, from Coptos to Alexandria, which continued in a flourishing state, notwithstanding the Egyptian empire frequently changed its sovereign. Nor, from any information I am master of, can I find these cities began to decline, until the followers of Mahomed transferred the India trade from Upper Egypt to the opposite coast of the Red Sea; then, and not before, Upper Egypt became what it still continues to be, an uninhabited desert. If

these facts be true, and I believe they will not be disputed, we may reasonably infer from them, not only that these cities of Upper Egypt existed by the support they derived from that trade, but also, that they owed their original existence to it. Nor is it Egypt only that has experienced these effects of the India trade: whatever nation has possessed the largest share of it, has invariably, for the time, enjoyed also the largest portion of wealth and power, and, when deprived of it, sunk again almost into its original obscurity.

When the folly of the crusades was over, and the remembrance of the injuries sustained on both sides, in some measure mutually forgotten; the Mahometans, intent only on conquest, and spreading the doctrines of their prophet, allowed the Christians to carry on the trade between Europe and the Levant, which consisted principally in transporting the India goods from the ports of Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, to those of Italy. It is well known that the Venetians, for a long time, engrossed the greater part of this trade, and, whilst they enjoyed it, were the richest and most powerful people in Europe. We may also trace it from Venice to the Hans towns, by the cities to which it gave rise in Germany. But at length the Portuguese discovered the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, which carried a part of the India trade into another channel. Venice immediately declined, and Portugal became one of the greatest nations

in Europe. They, however, enjoyed their superiority but a short time; for the enterprising and industrious natives of Holland found their way round the Cape of Good Hope, and very soon established themselves in India on the ruin of the Portuguese. Whilst the riches of India flowed into Holland, the Dutch disputed the empire of the seas with the united fleets of England and France. At last we obtained a larger portion of this trade than ever was enjoyed by any nation whatever, excepting the Egyptians; and every person knows at that period Great Britain gave law to all Europe. Nor does it require the gift of prophecy to be able to foretel, that, deprived of this source of wealth, we shall sink almost as low in the political scale of Europe, as either Holland, Portugal, Venice, or even Egypt itself.

If all the European countries I have mentioned, derived the major part of their wealth from the India trade, and declined again when they were deprived of it, we may naturally suppose that similar causes have produced similar effects in Egypt; and, consequently, that Hindostan was the original source, or fountain head of the arts, the sciences, and commerce, and from whence they have since been diffused over the rest of the globe.

In this regular progress of the arts and sciences, from East to West, there seems to be something more than common chance. Supposing them to have come originally from

India, they next went to Egypt, from thence to Greece, and so on to Italy, Germany, France, Spain, and Portugal. From the west part of Europe they also passed over to America, where probably they will still continue to pursue the same course, until they have finished their circuit round the globe, by opening a communication between the west coasts of America, and the east coasts of Asia.

ON THE

ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE FEMALE SEX.

MR. EDITOR,

I THINK the ladies will not accuse me of busying myself in impertinent remarks upon their dress and attire, for indeed it is not to their persons my services are devoted, but to their minds: if I can add to them any thing ornamental, or take from them any thing unbecoming, I shall gain my wish; the rest I shall leave to their milliners and mantua-makers.

Now, if I have any merit with them for not intruding upon their toilets, let them shew me so much complaisance, as not to read this paper, whilst they are engaged in those occupations, which I have never before interrupted; for as I intend to talk with them a little metaphysically, I would not wish to divide their attention, nor shall I be contented with less than the whole.

In the first place, I must tell them, gentle

though they be, that human nature is subject to a variety of passions; some of these are virtuous passions; some, on the contrary I am afraid are evil; there are, however, a number of intermediate propensities, most of which might also be termed passions, which, by the proper influence of reason may become very useful allies to any one single virtue, when in danger of being overpowered by a host of foes: at the same time they are as capable of being kidnapped by the enemies of reason, and, when enlisted in the ranks of the insurgents, seldom fail to turn the fate of the battle, and commit dreadful havock in the peaceful quarters of the invaded virtue. It is apparent, then, that all these intermediate propensities are a kind of balancing powers, which seem indeed to hold a neutrality in moral affairs, but, holding it with arms in their hands, cannot be supposed to remain impartial spectators of the fray, and therefore must be either for us, or against us.

I shall make myself better understood when I proceed to instance them, and I will begin with that, which has been called the universal passion, The love of Fame.

I presume no lady will disavow this propensity; I would not wish her to attempt it; let her examine it however; let her first enquire to what point it is likely to carry her before she commits herself to its conduct: if it is to be her guide to that fame only, which excels in fashionable dissipation, figures in the first

circles of the gay world, and is the loadstone to attract every libertine of high life into the sphere of its activity, it is a traiterous guide, and is seducing her to a precipice, that will sooner or later be the grave of her happiness: on the contrary, if it proposes to avoid these dangerous pursuits, and recommends a progress through paths less tempting to the eye perhaps, but terminated by substantial comforts, she may securely follow a propensity, which cannot mislead her, and indulge a passion, which will be the moving spring of all her actions, and but for which her nature would want energy, and her character be no otherwise distinguished than by avoidance of vice, without the grace and merit of any positive virtue. I can hardly suppose, if it was put to a lady's choice at her outset into life, which kind of fame she would be distinguished for, good or evil, but that she would at once prefer the good; I must believe she would acknowledge more gratification in being signalized as the best wife, the best mother, the most exemplary woman of her time, than in being pointed out in all circles she frequents as the most fashionable rake, the best drest voluptuary in the nation: if this be rightly conjectured, why will not every woman, who has her choice to make, direct her ambition to those objects, which will give her most satisfaction when attained? There can be no reason, but because it imposes on her some self-denials by the way, which she has not fortitude to surmount; and

it is plain she does not love fame well enough to be at at much pains in acquiring it; her ambition does not reach at noble objects, her passion for celebrity is no better than that of a buffoon's, who, for the vanity of being conspicuous, submits to be contemptible.

Friendship is a word which has a very captivating sound, but is by no means of a decided quality; it may be friend or foe, as reason and true judgment shall determine for it. If I were to decry all female friendships in the lump, it might seem a harsh sentence, and yet it will seriously behove every parent to keep strict watch over this propensity in the early movements of the female mind. I am not disposed to expatiate upon its dangers very particularly; they are sufficiently known to people of experience and discretion; but attachments must be stemmed in their beginnings; keep off correspondents from your daughters as you would keep off the pestilence: romantic misses, sentimental novelists, and scribbling pedants, overturn each others heads with such eternal rhapsodies about friendship, and refine upon nonsense with such an affectation of enthusiasm, that if it has not been the parent's study to take early precautions against all such growing propensities, it will be in vain to oppose the torrent, when it carries all before it and overwhelms the passions with its force.

Sensibility is a mighty favourite with the fair sex; it is an amiable friend or a very dangerous foe to virtue: let the female, who pro-

fesses it, be careful how she makes too full a display of her weakness; for this is so very soft and insinuating a propensity, that it will be found in most female glossaries as a synonymous term for love itself; in fact it is little else than the *nomme-de-guerre*, which that insidious adventurer takes upon him in all first approaches; the pass-word in all those skirmishing experiments, which young people make upon each other's affections, before they proceed to plainer declarations; it is the whetstone upon which love sharpens and prepares his arrows: if any lady makes a certain show of sensibility in company with her admirer, he must be a very dull fellow, if he does not know how to turn the weapon from himself to her. Now, sensibility assumes a different character when it is taken into the service of benevolence, or made the centinel of modesty; in one case it gives the spring to pity, in the other the alarm to discretion; but whenever it assails the heart by soft seduction to bestow that pity and relief, which discretion does not warrant, and purity ought not to grant, it should be treated as a renegado and a spy, which, under the mask of charity, would impose upon credulity for the vilest purposes, and betray the heart by flattering it to its ruin.

Vanity is a passion, to which I think I am very complaisant, when I admit it to a place amongst these convertible propensities, for it is as much as I can do to find any occupation

for it in the family concerns of virtue; perhaps, if I had not known Vanessa, I should not pay it even this small compliment: it can, however, do some under-offices in the household of generosity, of chearfulness, hospitality, and certain other respectable qualities: it is little else than an officious, civil, silly thing, that runs on errands for its betters, and is content to be paid with a smile for its goodwill, by those who have too much good sense to shew it any real respect: when it is harmless, it would be hard to wound it out of wantonness; when it is mischievous, there is merit in chastising it with the whip of ridicule: a lap-dog may be endured, if he is inoffensive and does not annoy the company, but a snappish, barking pett, though in a lady's arms, deserves to have its ears pulled for his impertinence.

Delicacy is a soft name, and fine ladies, who have a proper contempt for the vulgar, are very willing to be thought endowed with senses more refined and exquisite, than nature ever meant to give them; their nerves are susceptible in the extreme, and they are of constitutions so irritable, that *the very winds of heaven* must not be allowed to *visit their face too roughly*. I have studied this female favourite with some attention, and I am not yet able to discover any one of its good qualities; I do not perceive the merit of such exquisite fibres, nor have I observed that the slenderest strings are apt to produce the sweetest sounds;

when applied to instruments of harmony; I presume the female heart should be such an harmonious instrument, when touched by the parent, the friend, the husband; but how can these expect a concert of sweet sounds to be excited from a thing, which is liable to jarred and put out of tune by every breath of air? It may be kept in its case, like an old-fashioned virginal, which nobody knows, or even wishes to know, how to touch: it can never be brought to bear its part in a family concert, but must hang by the wall, or at best be a solo instrument for the remainder of its days.

Bashfulness, when it is attached to modesty, will be regarded with the eye of candour, and cheared with the smile of encouragement; but bashfulness is a hireling, and is sometimes discovered in the livery of pride, oftentimes in the cast-off trappings of affectation; pedantry is very apt to bring it into company, and sly, secret consciousness will frequently *blush because it understands.* I do not say I have much to lay to its charge, for it is not apt to be troublesome in polite societies, nor do I commonly meet it even in the youngest of the female sex. There is a great deal of blushing, I confess, in all the circles of fine ladies; but then it is so universal a blush, and withal so permanent, that I am far from imputing it always to bashfulness, when the cheeks of the fair are tinged with roses. However, though it is sometimes an impostor, and for that rea-

son may deserve to be dismissed, I cannot help having a consideration for one, that has in past times been the handmaid of beauty; and, therefore, as merit has taken modesty into her service, I would recommend to ignorance to put bashfulness into full pay and employment.

Politeness is a charming propensity, and I would wish the fine ladies to indulge it, if it were only by way of contrast between themselves, and the fine gentlemen they consort with. I do not think it is altogether becoming for a lady to plant herself in the center of a circle with her back to the fire, and expect every body to be warmed by the contemplation of her figure, or the reflection of her countenance; at the same time I am free to confess it an attitude, by which the man of high breeding is conspicuously distinguished, and is charming to behold, when set off with the proper accompaniments of leather breeches, tight boots, and a jockey waistcoat. I will not deny, however, but I have seen this practised by ladies, who have acquitted themselves with great spirit on the occasion; but then it cannot be done without certain male accoutrements, and presupposes a slouched hat, half-boots, short waistcoat, and riding dress, not to omit broad metal buttons with great letters engraved upon them, or the signature of some hunt, with the indispensable appendage of two long dangling watch-chains, which serve to mark the double value people of fashion put upon their time, and also shew the encourage-

ment they bestow upon the arts: with these implements the work may be done even by a female artist, but it is an art I wish no young lady to study.

Politeness, as I conceive, consists in putting people at their ease in your company, and being at your ease in theirs; modern practice, I am afraid, is apt to misplace this process, for I observe every body in fashionable life polite enough to study their own ease, but I do not see much attention paid to that part of the rule, which ought to be first observed: it is well calculated for those who are adepts in it, but if ever such an out-of-the-way thing as a modest person comes within its reach, the awkward novice is sure to be distressed, and whilst every body about him seems reposing on a bed of a down, he alone is picketted upon a seat of thorns: till this shall be reformed by the ladies, who profess to understand politeness, I shall turn back to my red-book of forty years ago, to see what relicts of the old court are yet amongst us, and take the mothers for my models in preference to their daughters.

ON THE
DIFFERENT CLASSES OF WIT.

"A wit's a feather."—POPE.

SINCE the disuse of that laborious study, which engaged the whole time of the scholars of the last century, and left them at leisure for the pleasures of society, what are called conversation-talents have come into repute. To be accounted a wit, is now the highest point of ambition, and in our modern obituaries, we find the panegyrist dwelling, at great length, with a mournful retrospect, on the lively conversation and great vivacity of the deceased. Unquestionably, in an age when men devote a very considerable proportion, perhaps a fifth, or a fourth part of their time to social conversation, the character of a wit must be very important and very desirable.

Wits may be divided into several classes. We have the first and most estimable, *real wits;* then a second class, who may be subdivided into the *sayers of good things*, and the *tellers of good stories.* A third class there is, which we may call *practical wits*, all their skill lying in the *doing* of some clever trick.

Of these classes, the real wits are the most scarce, and consequently the most valuable. The *sayers of good things* are the most com-

mon, but it is impossible to add, the most useful. They are perpetually endeavouring to say something smart and clever, upon every incident and occurrence that happen, and a fixed rule with them, seems to be, to disregard any circumstance which may interfere with or prevent the utterance of the clever thing they are about to bring forth. From such wits, you can get no other definition of wit, than that it is whatever they are pleased to call so. They have, indeed, one merit, which we must allow them before we proceed any farther; they are so seriously intent on being witty, that they seldom scruple to sacrifice their friend to their jest, and even to be facetious upon things sacred, rather than not to be facetious at all. Some of the dramatic writers of the early part of the present century, were, I am persuaded, licentious, because they would not suppress a rising jest, be the object of it ever so improper. Sayers of good things almost never have the gift of retention. What they conceive, they bring forth, and are perfectly indifferent as to what may become of it afterward.

Some of these sayers of good things are punsters; punning is a species of wit, which has been very much decried; more so, I apprehend, than it deserves. At the same time it must be allowed to be the lowest species of wit, because the easiest to command. It is but playing upon words of a similar sound, though of different meaning, and I have some-

times thought that school-masters intended punning for a branch of education, as in most of their spelling-books, there is a long list of words of different meanings, which are pronounced alike. A professed punster is one who is always on the watch for some of those words, and can seldom miss his aim, considering the careless ease of common conversation. A punster will never lose his pun, be the subject what it may. A pun is a favourite child, and must on no account be abandoned. We are to observe, however, that much, very much of what is called punning, is nothing but an attempt at it. A punster will make fifty attempts in the course of an evening, and not more than two or three can be reckoned palpable hits; but on the strength of these he establishes his reputation, as a man who brings home a brace of birds, calls himself a sportsman, without telling you that he fired fifty unsuccessful shots, before he hit these. Punsters are often deemed impertinent, because they interrupt conversation, and turn what is serious into a jest, but they are, on the other hand, said to be very good-natured fellows, whose only wish is to please their company. Yet unless the company depute one man to entertain the whole, I know no right he has to erect a stage in a private room, and play the fool, while the spectators gape, stare, or laugh at him. It must not be forgot that our modern comedies and farces abound in the pun, a very direct and positive proof of

a most lamentable decay of true wit. The pun is certainly sufferable, but only to give a fillip to familiar conversation.

The *tellers of good stories*, are a species of wits at second-hand. They are not wits, but rather *amateurs*, and having no stock of their own, they go to market with that of others. All we can, therefore, expect of them is that they show a good judgment in the selection of their commodities, and that they bring no more into the market than its consumption requires. If we find them answering this description, we find them useful, but we are very apt to doubt the skill of men who deal in articles, of the manufacturing of which they have no knowledge; and it often happens with this kind of wits, that they disgrace the manufactures by exhibiting his goods in a wrong light, or by attempting to improve upon them, without any acquaintance with the materials. I know a wit of this kind who has a collection of *old* goods, which have lasted him through a pretty long life. He has long ago torn off the private marks of the original manufacturers, and vends them as the genuine productions of whatever popular wit has possession of the town

The errors into which this species of wit are most apt to fall are, giving too many sories at one time, by which they soon exhaust their stock, and demands are made upon them which they are not able to answer, unless by furbishing up some of their old wares, which

they never can disguise so adroitly as to make them pass for new. A second error is their dragging in a story, 'neck and heels,' that has no sort of connection with the reigning subject. An example of this I once heard in a company, where the conversation turned upon a married couple, who did not live upon the best terms. A person in company repeated the old saying, that 'the grey mare was the better horse.' The wit immediately chimed in with a most excellent story about a *mare*. It would be well if these wits would at least consider whether the story they are about to produce, had any connection with the subject of conversation, and then, if they could spare another minute for consideration, whether it had any immediate connection, and last of all, which is the most important consideration, whether it be proper to introduce it at all, whatever its apparent connection may be. A third error they fall into, (perhaps they may reckon it a species of cunning) is to connect together a parcel of stories in such a manner that the whole must be told, before the company can possibly interfere. This is sometimes done with tolerable skill, but at other times, nothing can be more clumsy than the mode in which it is performed, the best story being always placed first, whereas they ought to rise to a climax.

A third class of wits, are those whom I have termed *practical wits*, and whose skill lies in doing some clever trick. How or when this

kind of wits came into vogue, I know not. Very probably they were originally employed in pantomime entertainments, where the kicks, thumps, and falls of the clown, excite such prodigious merriment among the spectators. Such is the love of mischief, when practised upon others, that I do not much wonder at the success of practical jokers, but their jokes are certainly not very palatable with the parties concerned. Pulling a chair from behind a person who is about to sit down, is a great stroke of humour; and formerly driving a blind horse into a china-shop, was an immense good thing. But somehow, the world at present are not so capable of these exquisite relishes as they were, and this kind of wit is now chiefly confined to the lower classes of company. Many examples of it may be seen under the great dome in the bank, when the jobbers have but little to do, except to pull one another's wigs, and toss a hat across the room; and at Bartholomew fair, the reader may observe, that is regularly practised at the different booths by Harlequin, the Clown, Punch, his wife, and sundry other very entertaining personages. This species of wits differs from all others in one respect, they are in some measure connected with thought; whereas the practical jokers have not the most distant idea of thought, memory, or understanding. I know not whether, in another respect, it does not possess a merit, which all the other species of wit want; it is always perfectly in-

telligible; you may be exceeding witty at the expence of a man in company, and may *take him off* before his face, without his knowing it, but you cannot take off his wig, or make him fall on the floor, without his comprehending at once what you would be at.

After making these few remarks on the several kinds of wits, we ought to add, that there are some things in which they are all, at one time or other, rather deficient. These may be comprehended in one defect, namely, want of judgment—

> There are whom heaven has blest with store of wit,
> Yet want as much again to manage it.

Hic labor, hoc opus. The time when, the place where, and the person to whom, are all very serious circumstances, which, it were to be wished, oftener entered into the consideration of wits. For upon all these depends what they are most alive to, the *effect* their wit must produce. Jests which *miss fire*, are the most awkward of all things, the piece in that case recoils with a force upon the *wit*, which occasions unspeakable uneasiness to him. In considering the time when, it must occur to every wit, that all times are not alike; and he will be no less sensible that a consideration of place is very important. A thing may be a very good jest in a tavern, which would not be understood upon 'Change; and I have known the effect of a good thing quite annihilated in passing from the city to the

west end of the town. As to persons, it is yet most important of all to be cautious. The most brilliant *bon mot* that ever 'set the table on a roar,' when that table was surrounded by young bloods, would have but an awkward report before a bench of justices, and I have observed that the same man will have a very different relish for *good things*, according to certain circumstances, to which a wit ought ever to attend. I never knew wits succeed much at the breakfast table, but with the same party they have been wonderfully successful over the bottle. Indeed, there seems a great connection between wit and drinking; hence, I presume it is, that we so often say, that some men's wit is *dry*.

The united consideration of time, place, and person, is of great importance. A tradesman assorting his goods is not disposed to be pleased with a play of words. A broker, transferring stock, never thinks of stealing jokes, and a counsellor pleading upon a case of life and death, should not mistake the Old Bailey for the court of Momus. We have heard of witty *preachers*. What part of their commission relates to the effusion of wit, is as yet a secret. In the last century, they *punned* in the pulpit, and yet I believe they were serious. It was a punning age, but we do not reckon laughter as among the means to be used for the propagation of the gospel. There are other situations where wit seems to

be out of place, but I forbear to give more instances.

Many definitions have been given of wit, no doubt, with a view to enable us to distinguish true wit from false. I am afraid they have not been successful, but the attempt is laudable. The popular definition, that which prevails among the wits mentioned in this paper, may be expressed in these words: 'Wit is any thing which excites laughter.' That this is the prevailing definition, we may be certain, if we observe that all the errors into which wits of all descriptions fall, may be traced to it. Now, to excite laughter, is one of the most easy tasks a man can prescribe to himself. He can always find enough who are

—Pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw.

and hence so many reputed wits and so few real ones. To produce laughter is all the object, and the end would be harmless if the means were so. But to produce laughter is reckoned so certain a proof of wit, and is so high a point of ambition, that wits will stick at nothing to gain their purpose, and hence all the indecent, impious, and unfeeling jests, which abound so much in the companies of men of loose minds, and too frequently in publications professedly calculated to amend the morals. Laughter is in itself harmless, but it is not the principal purpose of our meeting together, and the wit which produces it is seldom acceptable, unless it has been pre-

ceded by something of argument, which it may confirm. He who laughs at every thing, has learned nothing, and he who thinks he has a privilege to exercise his wit upon every subject, ought first to prove that he can exercise his judgment. T. C. A.

ON
ANCIENT & MODERN SUPERSTITION.

"There is nothing *new* under the sun."—SOLOMON.

THE mind of man is so naturally addicted to superstition, that all the light and knowledge which have been so plentifully extended over the world since the establishment of christianity and the revival of learning, have not been sufficient to destroy its influence. It is, indeed, principally confined to minds of a weak texture, either half-informed, or ill-informed in the most simple dictates of reason. When, however, we look back to distant ages, to Greece and Rome, the nurseries of the arts and sciences, whence the greatest heroes, and philosophers, the best scholars and orators, and the most accomplished wits derived their birth, and where they displayed their abilities, we are lost in wonder that a people enjoying the benefits of such splendid talents as are yet the admiration of the learned, should be sunk in the

lowest abyss of a superstition that cannot be reviewed without ridicule and contempt.

With respect to the Romans only, a people whom we are taught from our infancy to respect, and who, indeed, in their better days, were truly venerable for their virtue and valour, what is there in their history more astonishing than their implicit belief in augury? Their belief in omens, or preternatural appearances of the heavenly bodies, in eclipses, comets, and dreadful thunder-storms, may be forgiven. They had made small progress in astronomy; they had not learnt that an eclipse is a matter of common calculation; and that storms are, in most cases, highly beneficial to the earth, and no wise connected with past or future events. But when we find them giving implicit credit to their priests, who thought proper to predict good or evil, merely from the appearance of the entrails of sacrificed animals, from the flight of birds, from chickens, wolves, foxes, &c. we are at a loss to conceive how a deception of this kind could have prevailed, without being detected and exposed by the good sense of the people. The mob alone, or the common soldiers and sailors, were not merely influenced by the report of the Augurs; their kings and commanders undertook no expedition without consulting these oracles, and were always unsuccessful, if they confided so much in themselves as to disregard their opinions. In some cases, it is easy to suppose that they might

have been in concert with the Augurs, to promote some favourite point, to raise an enthusiasm in the people in their favour, or to inspire the soldiers with fortitude in some dangerous enterprise. But it is not so easy to suppose that this was always the case, because upon the evidence of their historians, it appears that there was generally but little connection between them, and that although the people looked to the commander for *orders*, they regarded the augurs as superior beings, who were to grant *success*.

The art of augury the Romans had from the Tuscans, and they from the Greeks, who probably derived it from the Chaldeans; but the progress of the art is as absurd as the origin is obscure. The wonder is, that it had so much influence upon a people, in the whole of whose history we find so many brilliant examples of solid sense, of learning, and of eloquence. Their historians, who rank among the most learned of their writers, and of whose abilities we can even now be judges, gravely relate the process of consulting augury, and the success of it. Yet the Augurs were men following one another in regular succession. Was there none to betray the secret? Was the art of juggling an hereditary secret, without one interruption? Tyranny first broke the chain. When Rome was governed by tyrants, these despised augury, and prosecuted their wicked purposes, whatever might be the appearance of the entrails of an

ox; and as they, no doubt, often succeeded in their enterprises, augury would naturally fall into disrepute. These circumstances, in the great chain of causes and events, would naturally pave the way for a more rational religion. We are indebted to Henry VIII, for the commencement of the reformation; but if the pope would have sanctioned his lust and his extortion, that advantage would have probably been derived from a better sovereign.

But is it not remarkable, that although we read of the Grecian and Roman superstition with wonder and some degree of contempt, we cannot acquit ourselves of having yet retained a very considerable portion of the same superstitious spirit? We are even indebted to them for almost all our popular whims. A hare crossing the way, a person sneezing, stumbling, hearing strange voices, and the falling of salt upon the table, were all, with them, omens of good or evil, according to circumstances, and remain so with thousands at this day, and in this enlightened country. Persons of otherwise no mean understanding, have been greatly perplexed, and have even turned pale at such occurrences. To these we may add, a coal starting from the fire, the deathwatch, the sediment of the sugar rising to the top of a cup of tea, and many others. We may also mention the success of those impostors, who pretend to calculate nativities, and predict events; and the many foolish in-

stances of belief in the success of lottery-tickets.

Ignorant as the Romans were of a superintending Providence, and of the revealed will of the Divine majesty, their trust in such omens was pardonable, and deceived as they were by the artifices of their soothsayers, who could contrive to *time* their prophecies, and express them in such a manner as that they should appear to be punctually fulfilled, we cannot wonder if the wisest among them were induced to place confidence in imposture. But that we should be as much attached to this species of divination is a weakness, than which there is none we ought more to blush at. Although we boast of our superior understandings, improved as they are by the knowledge of eighteen centuries, we are guilty of a weakness which is excusable only in an unenlightened heathen. This subject might, perhaps, be treated with the ridicule of satire, or the silence of contempt, but the more we consider it, the more we should be inclined to doubt the fact, that a human and reasonable being can exist, so weak, as to believe that futurity can be revealed by trifling events, or by the lowest of mankind, under the name of conjurors. But the fact cannot be doubted; cases of the kind occur every day, and the happiness of individuals and families often lies at the mercy of such impostors.

Those who are addicted to this species of superstitious credulity, are no doubt of that

class of people who are called *well-meaning*, and would be greatly incensed were we to ask them whether they believed in the superintendence of a Divine Providence. They would answer, "Surely, God forbid we did not!" And yet is it consistent with our received ideas, or with the revealed wisdom and perfections of the Deity, to suppose that he should declare that futurity is locked up from the penetration of mankind, and yet should reveal the events of it by the sediment of a cup of coffee, the flame of a candle, or the starting of a sulphureous coal? Is not this putting the greatest insult upon him? A step farther, indeed, we have gone, and but a step toward the very highest insult; we have supposed that he makes known the secrets of futurity to the meanest of vagrants and impostors, to men and women whom the magistrate very properly punishes as much against their foreknowledge, as against their inclination. The impossibility of our acquiring by any means a knowledge of future events, and the miserable condition of human life if we had that knowledge, might be here insisted on; but they must be obvious to every thinking man. A better dissuasive from the credulity which is the subject of this short paper, would be to insist upon the gross and insulting impiety of endeavouring to pry into what the deity has pronounced hid and concealed, and that by agents the most mean and contemptible. Let those who are still credulous in the appearance of their coffee-grounds, their spilling of

salt, and the impostures of pretended diviners, consider with what propriety, decency, and respect, they can hereafter appeal to the deity by the epithets of *all-seeing* and *omniscient*; and when they have done that, let them reflect upon the dignity and importance of those agents, in whose relations they confide, in preference to his decrees.

THE ANDROMETER.

IN the papers of the late Sir William Jones, was found a sort of scale of human attainments and enjoyments, which he called an *Andrometer*. Though it is believed that Sir William did not prepare this for publication, yet, as he thought it sufficiently correct to be shewn to several of his friends, especially to the Dowager Countess Spencer, it has been justly held by Lord Teignmouth worthy of being given to the public. We print it with his lordship's introduction.

"The Andrometer is to be considered as a mere sketch, never intended for publication. In the construction of it, Mr. Jones probably had a view to those objects, the attainment of which he then meditated. We are not to conclude, that the preparation for eternity, which stands at the end of the scale, was to be deferred until the seventieth year; it is rather to be considered as the object to which he was perpetually to look during the whole course of his life, and which was *exclusively* to engross the attention of his latter years. He

was too well convinced of the precarious tenure of human existence, to allow himself to rest the momentous concern of his eternal welfare on the fallacious expectation of a protracted life; he knew, moreover, too well the power of habit, to admit a supposition, that it could be effectually resisted, or changed, at the close of life. Neither are we to suppose that moral and religious lessons, which constitute the occupation of the eighth year, were from that period to be discontinued, although they are not afterwards mentioned; but the meaning of Mr. Jones probably was, that it should be seriously and regularly inculcated at an age when the intellectual faculties had acquired strength and expansion by preceding exercises. That the order of arrangement in the Andrometer could never be strictly adhered to, in the application of our time and cultivation of our talents (if it were intended) is evident: but to those who, from their situation, are enabled to avail themselves of the suggestions which it furnishes, it will supply useful hints for improvement, and serve as a standard of comparison for their progress. With respect to Mr. Jones himself, if his own acquisitions, in his thirtieth year, when he constructed the Andrometer, be compared with it, they will be found to rise to a higher degree in the scale.

Year

1 Ideas received through the senses
2 Speaking and pronunciation
3 Letters and spelling

4 Ideas retained in the memory
5 Reading and repeating
6 Grammar of his own language
7 Memory exercised
8 Moral and religious lessons
9 Natural history and experiments
10 Dancing, music, drawing, exercises
11 History of his own country
12 Latin
13 Greek
14 French and Italian
15 Translations
16 Compositions in verse and prose
17 Rhetoric and declamation
18 History and law
19 Logic and Mathematics
20 Rhetorical exercises
21 Philosophy and mathematics
22 Compositions in his own language
23 Declamations continued
24 Ancient orators studied
25 Travel and conversation
26 Speeches at the bar or in parliament
27 State affairs
28 Historical studies continued
29 Law and eloquence
30 Public life
31 Private and social virtues
32 Habits of eloquence improved
33 Philosophy resumed at leisure
34 Orations published
35 Exertions in state and parliament
36 Civil knowledge mature
37 Eloquence perfect

Years
38 National rights defended
39 The learned protected
40 The virtuous assisted
41 Compositions published
42 Science improved
43 Parliamentary affairs
44 Laws enacted and supported
45 Fine arts improved
46 Government of his family
47 Education of his family
48 Vigilance as a magistrate
49 Firmness as a patriot
50 Virtue as a citizen
51 Historical works
52 Oratorical Works
53 Philosophical works
54 Political works
55 Mathematical works
56, 57, 58, 59, 60 } Continuation of former pursuits
61 Fruits of his labours enjoyed
62 A glorious retirement
63 An amiable family
64 Universal respect
65 Consciousness of a virtuous life
66, 67, 68, 69 } Perfection of earthly happiness
70 Preparation for eternity."

EFFECTS OF AN IMPROPER EDUCATION.

IT was in one of the bitter nights during the severe winter of the year seventeen hundred and ninety-four, that the passengers of a stage coach travelling to the north, were alarmed by the groans which seemed to proceed from a field adjoining to the road.

The coachman could not be prevailed on to stop till he reached the top of a hill, he was at the moment ascending; he then agreed that if something was given him to drink, he would wait while they went to see from whence the groans proceeded.

The travellers immediately alighted, and the guard, taking one of the coach lamps in his hand, walked back with them into the field; their search for sometime was vain, but approaching a hay-rick at which cattle were feeding, a groan more feebly uttered, again was heard; following the sound, they were at once interested and distressed by the object presented to their view.

Lying at length under shelter of the rick, in a dark and dismal night, apparently exhausted by hunger, fatigue and cold, thinly cloathed, with a form and countenance which had once been pleasing, they discovered a female, almost frozen to death,

After gently raising her head, and rubbing her clay-cold limbs till a little warmth was perceived, they conveyed down her throat,

with some difficulty, a small quantity of cordial, from a pocket case of one of the company.

Some faint signs of life, at length appearing, encouraged them to persevere in their humane work; they then wrapped her in a great coat, and carried her to the coach, in which having previously agreed to pay the fare, they were permitted to place her.

As the poor creature recovered, the change of situation was explained to her, when she thanked her diliverers for their kind offices, but attempting to speak further, fainted away.

The motion of a heavy coach was too much for her weak condition, and the benevolent persons to whom Providence had assigned her, determined to set her dov.n at the first public-house they passed, and to direct that proper care should be taken.

It was not long before they stopped to change horses, and leave some of the passengers; the mistress of the house was called, who readily assisted in rendering every service in her power, but notwithstanding all their endeavors, they clearly saw, that the hand of death was on the unfortunate stranger.

Convinced also by her own feelings of the approach of that awful moment, which we all dread, though so few of us prepare to meet it, she earnestly entreated that a minister of the gospel might be sent for without delay.

The clergyman of the parish soon arrived;

after examining the state of her soul, he opened to her the treasures of everlasting life, as contained in the holy Scriptures, and poured on her wounded spirit the precious balm of comfort and condolence. He joined with her in prayer and supplication, and she received at his hands the restorative sacramental cup of hope grounded on repentance, and mercy through an interceding Redeemer.

Though her mind was composed, her strength failed, and the fainting fits returned, but proper medicines being given by an apothecary of the village, after a short repose, she seemed a little better, and was very anxious to say something to the company collected in the chamber; conscious, that if the present opportunity was lost, her lips, in a short time, would be for ever closed.

Desiring her benefactors to draw nearer the bed, she addressed them in the following words, as well as her weak state permitted, and soon after resigned her breath.

"The kindness I have experienced at your hands, it is not in *my* power, but I hope the Almighty will repay; you must naturally be desirous to know something of a forlorn wretch, in whose behalf you so warmly interested yourselves, and whom in the unjustifiable anguish of despair, I was tempted to consider as deserted by God and man; but the worthy minister has convinced me, that OURS IS A GOD OF MERCY, and the treatment I have experienced from *you*, also proves that

although this is a wicked world, there are many worthy characters, who imitate their Creator in this glorious attribute.

"I was born of poor but honest parents in a northern county; myself and an elder sister was the whole of their family; my father did not repine at that state of life in which Providence had placed him, when after providing for the wants of the day, by labor, he retired to his fire-side in the evening, and found his wife and children clean and contented.

"I was caressed from my infancy by a widow lady who lived retired in our parish, on a small income, having seen better days; as I grew up, her regard for me encreased, she taught me to read and write, and impressed, early on my mind, religious principles.

"Though my understanding was improved, and my ideas enlarged beyond what falls to the lot of most young women of my condition, I cannot help imputing to my acquaintance with this excellent woman the misfortunes of my future life; I spent the greatest part of the day with her, and whilst my sister was assisting my mother in the work of the house, and qualifying herself to perform the duties of a mother and a wife, I was poring over every book I could borrow, reading to my benefactress, or sitting down to ornamental needle-work, but wholly ignorant of, and unable, to mend my father's stockings, dress his dinner, or clean the house.

"I should not do justice to my mother, if

I omitted acknowledging that she saw and reproved my conduct; she insisted that a sedentary genteel life was not proper for a girl with my humble prospects, and that to be *fine-fingered*, as she used to call it, was not calculated for poor people, particularly those who mean to live honest; I felt the truth of what she said, but had not the resolution to diminish the enjoyments of the present hour, by providing for circumstances, in which I hoped never to be placed.

"When I was sixteen years of age, my valuable friend died; my sister was soon after married to a farmer, to whom she makes a good and useful wife, and I had no companions but my father and mother; for I looked down with secret contempt on the young men and women of the village.

"My parents saw with concern that I was not qualified to go through with the drudgery of a cottage: I lost my appetite and spirits, they frequently found me in tears; it was the struggle of pride and vanity rebelling against the duties imposed on me by Providence.

"After consulting with a distant relation, a shopkeeper in a neighbouring town, who was for every body's trying their luck in London, his opinion prevailed, and I was conveyed to town in a road-waggon, resolving *to better myself* as it is called, and if possible *get an easy genteel place, with little work and high wages; thus pride and laziness were my ruin.*

"I soon got into a creditable family in the

city, where I had an opportunity of qualifying myself for a better place, as my mistress was kind and indulgent, but the constant toil of a house, where only myself and a shop-boy were kept, did not suit a person used to an indolent life. I contrasted the dark back kitchen, and dirty drudgery of my present situation, with my pleasant walks, my books, my plain-work and easy life in the country; awkwardness encreased my difficulties, and I was severely mortified by the mother of my mistress, who sometimes visited her; she wondered how a girl at my age could have spent her time, not to know the common work of a house.

"Having occasion for a few common articles of dress, I was directed to one of those gossiping shopkeepers who infest most neighbourhoods—the confidents of servants, and diffusers of scandal, who attend to and know more of other people's business than their own; she listened to my complaints, and enticed me to spend my money: after hearing much of charming places at the other end of the town, I left her, resolved to take the first opportunity of leaving my mistress, as the work was too much, and the situation in a vulgar part of the town.

"I soon received a message from my officious new acquaintance, that she had procured an excellent situation for me, but that I must go without delay, and as to a character, if I would make her a present, *she would*

give me one herself; her reason for prevailing on me to go away without giving warning, will soon be known, but I have been sufficiently punished for this breach of agreement.

"I took an opportunity of retreating with my things the following evening, and was introduced to a fine-dressed lady with her carriage waiting at the door; after the general questions, we agreed, and I was conveyed with my box to a large house in the neighbourhood of St. James's.

"The splendor of her equipage, and the tawdry finery of the furniture, dazzled my eyes; I was told that my chief business would be to wait on my mistress in her own room, and work at my needle. I remember that the pride and haughtines of my heart were highly gratified, when I was informed, that I need not wear a coloured apron, must always appear neatly dressed, and that if I did not stand in my own light, her place would be profitable as well as pleasant to me.

"My happy days were of short continuance; I did not discover till it was too late, that I was taken in a snare, that I was in a house of the most infamous description, a reproach to the nobility and gentry who suffer many of them almost to elbow them in their magnificent abodes.

"The woman who engaged me under false pretences, but for the most abominable purposes, is a wretch well known in the parish of St. James, remarkable for staring eyes, a thun-

dering voice, and face of brass; the seducer and ruiner of hundreds of her sex, whom she afterwards turns loose on the town, polluted and pennyless; I hope God Almighty will give her grace to repent of her monstrous crimes, or dreadful must be her punishment hereafter.

"Had I been at all acquainted with town manners, I must have perceived the odious nature of my mistress's employ, from the lateness of her hours, and the company she kept; in bed the greatest part of the day, and the house in an uproar during the whole of the night; but London was a new world to me, and I had heard that it was common for ladies and gentlemen to turn night into day.

"The first alarm I received was from certain unwarrantable liberties taken with me by a hoary veteran, a constant visitor of my mistress, a well known character, remarkable for his fondness of a new face; I left deep marks of my resentment on his countenance, which confined him to his room several weeks, under the pretence of St. Anthony's fire. On mentioning the circumstance to my mistress, she smiled and told me, I must not be ill-natured, for that it would spoil my fortune; I replied firmly that I would not submit to such treatment, and that I would quit her house, the moment day-light appeared, for it was already midnight.

"But she took effectual means to prevent

the execution of my purpose; watching an opportunity, she sent me up stairs on some trifling errand whilst I was taking a little refreshment, and conveyed certain drops into what I was going to drink; I swallowed them without suspicion, and finding myself remarkably heavy, soon retired to rest.

"From a deep, a death-like sleep, I awoke, and found myself undone; a cowardly villain, introduced by that perfidious and detestable monster ******, whose attempts I would have set at defiance with my senses and strength about me, took advantage of a state, against which neither virtue nor prudence can guard.

"He attempted to pacify me with gold, and declared that he would make a handsome settlement on me the next morning; I rejected his offers with contempt; I drove him from my presence with abhorrence.

"The savage in a female shape, soon came in with triumphant malignity in her eye, thinking she could now bring me to her own infamous terms; she began by observing, that hands like mine were not made for hard work, that I might live like a fine lady——I interrupted her by throwing up the sash, and raising my voice to a pitch which alarmed her, (for wickedness makes cowards of us all) told her, that if I was not suffered immediately to depart, I would raise the neighbours by my cries.

"I left her house directly, determining to have recourse to the laws, to revenge my in-

juries: but a dread of appearing publicly on such an occasion shook my resolution; not knowing whither to go, I applied to my first mistress, with an intention of laying my case before her; but she shut her door in my face, and after my behavior to her, what right had I to complain?

"I hid myself in silence and solitude, and passed a few weeks in a little obscure lodging, without resolution or spirit to seek another place; my London dream of finery and genteelness was now vanished, I dreaded the face of man, and suspected every woman; I considered with envy the condition of the meanest drudge of the poorest farm-house in the country, who, notwithstanding her coarse fare and linsey gown, possessed those first of blessings, health, innocence, and peace of mind.

"I took a place in the same waggon which brought me up to town, and had reached a little market town, a few miles from the field where you found me, but fearing my small stock of money would be exhausted, before I reached my father's house, I resolved to walk the remainder of my journey, contrary to the persuasions of the person who drove the waggon.

"Leaving my box with proper directions to be forwarded, I set out on foot, but had not travelled far, when a ruffian robbed me of the little I possessed, and would have proceeded to outrages still more cruel, but my cries ex-

cited the attention of a gentleman with a splendid equipage, who was travelling the road, and at no great distance from us.

"The postillions were ordered to quicken their pace, and as they drew up, my terror and astonishment may be conceived, when I saw my dishonorable violator, looking at me with savage joy as he jumped from the carriage, thinking that he might easily secure a friendless, unprotected woman, and convey her to what place and for what ever purpose he chose.

"But the robber was not disposed to part with his prey, adding falsehood to violence, and brandishing a bludgeon he had in his hand, he declared with an oath, that no man had a right to separate us, for though I was noisy and unmanageable, I was his wife.

"The gentleman said he knew the contrary, that he had followed me across the country from London, and rather than lose me, would pursue me to the end of the world; with these words he laid hold of one of my hands, when the footpad at the first blow, laid him speechless on the ground; a desperate but unequal contest ensued, the servants fired several pistols, and in the hurry, smoke, and confusion, I darted from them.

"Terror gave me speed, I flew down a bye lane, and after crossing several fields, plunged into a thick wood, wandering through thorns and underwood, as long as my strength permitted. I was thankful for my escape, and

sat down on a bank to eat a crust fortunately left in my pocket. I soon heard the voices of the servants, who seemed to be searching for me, and gathered from their conversation that they had wounded and secured the marauder, and as soon as they could find me, would convey us, with their master who had come to himself, but was much hurt, to the next post-town.

"I fortunately eluded their search, but as night came on, in attempting to leave the wood, with a design of begging a lodging in some farm-house, my foot slipped, and I fell with such violence with my knee against a stump, that I fainted in an agony of pain. Being unable to stir, I passed the night on the spot where I fell, and part of the next day, when, hungry and benumbed with cold, I crawled as well as the hurt I received would let me, to the place where your kindness found me. I passed the second night there, and endeavored to attract the notice and compassion of several travellers during the succeeding day; but they considered me as an impostor or a loose woman, and either neglected or insulted me.

"I gave myself up for a lost creature, but death, though retarded by your humanity, I feel is gradually creeping over me—I die in charity with all mankind, I pray to God that he will forgive my destroyers, and give them time and grace to repent. I beg that my parents whose name and direction will be

found in a letter in my pocket, may be informed of my fate; that I remembered them with gratitude in my last moments, and that although misled by folly, my heart was untainted by vice.

"I also make it my dying request, that my misfortunes may be published for the information of young women of my condition, in the hope of reminding them, that pride and vanity, are the high road to crime and misfortune; that London is a scene of temptation, where there are always artful women, watching to take advantage of those of their own sex, who are tired of working honestly for their livelihood, and fond of fine cloaths.

"I wish to remind such who are of this unfortunate turn, that a conscious discharge of our duties in that state, however humble, in which Providence has placed us, is the only solid comfort in this world, and the most likely method of insuring everlasting happiness in that which is to come."

HEROISM
OF
FREDERIC CHRISTIAN POST.

FREDERIC Christian Post, a well-disposed religious enthusiast, who, intermarrying with their females, and by attentively studying the customs and habits of Indians, and by personal integrity, exercised in the years seventeen hundred and fifty-eight, and seventeen hundred and fifty-nine, a powerful influence over the warlike tribes of Delawar and Ohio ; nations, who though untutored in the arts and refinements of Europe, had proved themselves formidable enemies.

The services of Post were important and well-timed; at a period when our prospects were gloomy, the English army, under General Craddock, from too great security, that parent of danger, or from the predatory, harassing, and irregular mode of attack, adopted by savages, had, with their leader, been, not only defeated, but almost literally cut to pieces ; and it was become necessary to take effectual means for counteracting the intrigues of France, who, by emissaries, by presents, by threats, and misrepresentation, had seduced the Shawanese, and other powerful tribes, from their alliance with England.

The expedition of General Forbes against Fort Duquesne was at this time also prepa-

ring; an expedition, in which difficulties and disasters, unknown to a German campaign, and dangers not easily guarded against, were added to tardy levies, *an army on paper*, provincial disputes, slow payments, and a commander worn down by anxiety and disease, and obliged to attend his army on a litter.

An enemy, at one moment hovering or howling, the next silently watching every unguarded moment, to mark down from behind a tree, or to cut off by surprise every straggler; generally invisible, and for the most part inaccessible; while the feelings of a military man were irritated in the most vulnerable part, by his best men dropping around him, yet compelled by mortifying necessity, to bear the attacks of, but never pursue, a flying horde, who, at moments when exhausted nature was snatchiug short intervals of repose, rushing from precipices, thickets, and caverns, with hideous yell, diabolic features, and instruments of butchery, rather than death, were calculated to inspire horror in an extraordinary degree.

For these, and other reasons, I have long been induced to consider the expedition of Forbes as requiring, and actually displaying, those great military requisites, so rarely united, SUFFERING WITH PATIENT FIRMNESS AND ACTING WITH INTREPID VIGOR, in a greater degree, than was exhibited by Wolfe, or by Amherst.

The victories of Quebec and Montreal,

were, I confess, more splendid, rapid, and decisive, and they have, on that account, been more warmly celebrated by historians, poets, and painters.

But to secure such advantages, and to render the footing of the English permanent on the American continent, it was of the first consequence to detach the natives from their French alies; to mitigate resentment, and conciliate friendship.

After a war which had long raged with inveterate animosity, where was the man to be found, who would expose himself to the hardships of a journey, through immense woods, infested with wild beasts and noxious reptiles, over morasses, swamps, and mountains; where the thickest brakes, most impracticable ravines, and regions least frequented, were to be explored, in order to avoid French scouts and marauding parties of savages, whom to have met, before any negotiator reached the Indian towns, and had a talk with the chiefs, would have been certain death?

Repeated and large rewards having been vainly offered to the few who were qualified for the task, Christian Frederic Post, the subject of our present article, came forward; in an earnest manner, and with an interesting countenance, he spoke as follows:

"If it please the Lord that I undertake the journey, and that I ultimately find favor in his sight, may I rest assured, that the national faith will be scrupulously observed in such

treaty as I shall make? for with sorrow I declare, that by our treacherous dealings with the natives, the character of an Englishman is become a bye-word to the scornful, a reproach in the mouth of our enemies."

Such is the weight of personal character, or so well-founded were the charges he made, that he was listened to with respectful attention, and assured, that whatever engagements he might enter into, should be religiously observed.

Rejecting every offer of compensation, for an act which he declared, nothing but a conviction that it was his duty, could have prevailed on him to undertake; with little more than a few presents for the savages, a scrip and a staff, he plunged into the wilderness.

A strong, and enthusiastic, a rational reliance upon divine Providence, appears to have been his principal support, under perils, which an Englishman with his comforts about him, shudders only to read of. His clothes and flesh torn by briars and thorns; half a night sometimes passed in a tree to avoid some real or suspected danger, and, after descending, obliged to repose (I scarcely can think, sleep) till day light, drenched in rain, hungry, fatigued, and cold.

It is not nedessary to dwell upon adventures which, but for the known veracity of the man who related them, would scarcely be credited after almost every species of difficulty and

distress that romance has invented, or imagination can suggest, our intrepid traveller at length approached the confines of the Indian town; but the part he had to act on his arrival, was not without considerable danger.

Post was sufficiently acquainted with the character of a savage, to be convinced, that if he did not first procure a sight, as well as a hearing of the chiefs of the tribes, he should instantly fall a sacrifice to the uncontrouled passions, and irritated resentments of angry individuals in the interest of France; his situation required coolness, intrepidity, and circumspection, as well as a portion of agility and strength of body.

After accurately surveying the spot, he conveyed himself, unobserved, into a thicket on a rising ground, near their habitations, and from this place watched till he saw the persons with whom he first wished to commence THE TALK. The moment a favourable opportunity offered, he undauntedly darted from his retreat, rushed towards the chiefs, with some of whom he was personally acquainted, and threw himself into their arms and protection; a call sacred in the breast of an Indian, with all his excesses, and never violated.

His presence soon excited curiosity and alarm, the natives quickly collected in considerable numbers, and the Shawanese, an exasperated and furious tribe, corrupted by Gallic presents, recollecting that he was an English partisan, rushed upon him with their tomahawks.

On this trying occasion, his hospitable friends, who valued him as a good man who had never deceived them, resolutely protected Post from their weapons; received several wounds aimed at him, and after much persuasion, he was permitted to deliver his presents, and explain the object of his mission.

A tumultuous discussion took place, but the majority, partial to the character of Frederic, and knowing him to be a religious observer of his word, finally accepted his offer, while their angry opponents, seceding to the opposite banks of a river which washed their town, to brood over their discontents, threatened, and even attempted, to assassinate the successful negociator.

A detachment, on the point of setting out to harass General Forbes, was countermanded, and the treaty concluded by many tribes who inhabit an immense tract of country, entirely abandoning the alliance of France.

Thus, a man of peculiar simplicity of manners, honest, but unlearned, was enabled by religious enthusiasm, knowledge of a certain kind, and by local habits, to render his country such service, as the most consummate military skill, united with erudition, accomplishment, and diplomatic dexterity, would have attempted in vain. He returned to enjoy the grateful acknowledgements of his countrymen, and the approbation of an honest heart, but would never allow that he had performed more than an act of common duty, as

a christian and a man; nor would he accept of any reward.

Post concludes an unadorned account of his journey with a devout prayer, of which the following is a part: "Praise and glory to the Lamb of God, which was slain for our redemption, which conducted me in safety through a land of perils, jealousy, and mistrust, where Satan, the prince of this world, has rule and government. Blessed be the Lord, who hath preserved me under all dangers and difficulties, who was my guide through the wilderness, the mire, the thicket, and heavy darkness."

I could not help remarking, in his different conversations with the Indians, I mean those who opposed his designs, that the following shrewd but natural question, on the part of a native, evidently perplexed the sincerity and good sense of the envoy, "Why do the English and French come from their own country to fight? can't they settle their disputes at home? You tell us, it is true, that the ground on which we hunt, you have bought at a fair price, but remember, *your countrymen always make the poor Indians stupid with strong spirits, whenever they meet to agree for a purchase.*"

THE DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN.

ON Monday, Dec. 10, an opera, entitled *Thirty Thousand; or, Who's the Richest?* written by Mr. T. Dibdin, was performed for the first time.

As the author has evidently studied the abilities of the performers, and trifled with his own genius, it would be needless to give here a story which has neither novelty nor incident to recommend it. The music, which was provided by Braham, Reeve, and Davy, constitutes the chief merit of the piece.—This, it seems, is all that is looked for in a *modern opera.*

Master Betty made his first appearance in London on these boards, in the character of Achmet, in Barbarossa. This play not being much known, the talents of this surprising youth could not (for want of comparison) be justly estimated; but, having afterwards performed Douglas, and Frederick, in "Lover's Vows," plays well-known, and recently performed, the public had then an opportunity of witnessing a greater degree of merit (though we acknowledge it has been exaggerated by ridiculous *puffs*) than is generally met with in performers of maturer years.

DRURY-LANE.

Master Betty has also performed Douglas at this theatre, and the play, altogether, was much better represented than at the other house. Sudden indisposition has prevented him from finishing his stated number of nights.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1804

TO A FRIEND, EXPRESSING A WISH TO TRAVEL.

DOST thou, then, listening to the traveller's tale
Of mountainous wilds, and towns of ancient fame,
And spacious bays, and streams renown'd of name,
That roll their plenty through the freshen'd vale.
Dost thou then long to voyage far away,
And visit other lands, that thou may'st view
These varied scenes so beautiful and new?
Thou dost not know how sad it is to stray
Amid a foreign land, thyself unknown,
And when o'erwearied with the toilsome day,
To rest at eve and feel thyself alone.
Delightful sure it is at early morning
To see the sun beam shine on scenes so fair,
And when the eve the mountain's heights adorning,
Sinks slow, unpurpling the luxuriant air:—
Pleasant it is at times like these to roam;
But would'st thou not at night, confined within
Thy foul, and comfortless, and lonely inn,
Remember with a sigh thy joys of home?

AUTUMN.

ON every spot which charm'd my eyes,
The flow'rs that dress the year expire—
Beneath the storm all nature dies—
[illegible] k'ning sun scarce beams his fire.

Soon winter's frown will blight those flow'rs ;
Will lay their heads in transient death ;
But they will feel in happier hours,
The welcome spring's reviving breath.

Alas! the winter of my heart,
Nor spring, nor nature's charms can cheer ;
Unfelt life's gayest scenes depart,
For she is gone who made them dear!

ELEGIAC LINES,

FOUNDED ON A RECENT FACT :

(By Dr. Booker.)

BRIGHT on the wave the sun-beam play'd,
The south-wind softly blew,
When Henry with his Mary stray'd
Where many a flow'ret grew.

All harmless as the gentle dove,
Amid the flow'ry pride,
The first pledge of their wedded love
Ran tripping by their side.

So, o'er some hillock, crown'd with thyme,
Oft trips the tender lamb ;
Then gambols thro' the hoary rime,
Around its doating dam.

Soft rapture either parent felt,
As either's charms they view'd ;
Then, on their babe, that rapture dwelt,
With livelier warmth endued.

Smooth flow'd the river-waters by
Their unfrequented way ;
And lo! a wherry moor'd was nigh,
Adorn'd with streamers gay.

"My Love!" said Henry, "down the tide
How pleasing 'twere to sail!"
"Most true," his Mary straight replied,
"Let us the steersman hail."

With willing speed (the signal heard)
The steersman put to shore;
When to the boat, all undeterr'd,
The pair their infant bore.

Seated, the light winds kiss the sail,
And on so fleet they glide,
That ev'ry tree which skirts the vale
Seems flying by their side.

His golden tresses Phœbus laves,
Now swiftly journeying down,
And decks with brighter gems the waves
Than those which deck a crown.

The finny tribe, alert for food,
Now rise to seize their prey;
While spreading circles mark the flood,
And softly fade away.

These pleasing sights and scenes around,
So chain'd each parent's eye,
That, ah! their rosy prattler found
Controul no longer nigh.

To catch some bubble on the stream,
It stretch'd its little arm;
When, hark! the frantic mother's scream—
The voice of dread alarm.

Alas! alas! her babe is gone:
Soon o'er it shuts the wave:—
Oh! say, to snatch it is there none
From Death's cold watery grave?

Hah! who, with apprehension wild—
Who took that de-p'rate leap!
The sire, to save his darling child,
Has plung'd into the deep!

He plung'd and sunk!—the cruel waves
O'er him, too, instant close;
The wife, the mother wildly raves,
And shrieks aloud her woes.

To rush into those dark waves cold,
Which all she loves contain,
Scarce can the steersman's grasping hold
Her purpose rash restrain.

—Ah, wretched mother! wretched wife!
What pang can equal thine?—
Vain ev'ry balm to sweeten life—
Vain all but Pow'r divine.—

"He lives! he lives! my Henry lives!
"My babe, too, lives!" she cries:
That babe, indeed, her Henry gives
To her delighted eyes.

Aloft he bears it on the wave,
Which, rippling, murmurs by:—
"Haste, Mary! our dear infant save,"
He cries, approaching nigh.

She folds it in her throbbing breast,
And thinks her Henry, too,
Shall there, anon, be warmly press'd
By Mary fond and true.

But ah! in Henry—cold and pale—
(Exhausted by the tide)
Life's weaken'd pow'rs all, sudden, fail——
Again he sunk, and died.

TO A DAISY.

MEEK, solitary flow'r, why droops thy head?
Why do thy languid petals look so pale?
Ah! I lament thy modest lustre fled,
Poor lonely tenant of this gloomy vale.

Too true, that on this rugged bank's dark side,
Thou wert the only flow'ret doom'd to blow:
And, unsustain'd, thy humble beauty died,
Where the east glows not, and no waters flow.

Here, all expos'd to Boreas' cruel strife,
Where fading Sol scarce dries eve's dewy tear—
Oh, how inclement was thy day of life!
No hand to prop thee, and no warmth to cheer.

Ah, luckless flow'r! like thee unknown and wild,
Droops in misfortune's shade, Affliction's child.

I. N.

SONNET.

OFT', as with fond recurrence, I retrace
The happy, happy hours of infancy,
My bosom heaves th' involuntary sigh,
And the unbidden tear steals down my face.

For then, my prospect, tinted by the rays
Of early morning, smil'd serene and fair;
But soon the gath'ring clouds obscur'd his blaze,
And left me to the horrors of despair.

But no! though not one cheering ray appear,
My soul upheld by conscious innocence,
(Trusting to that impervious defence)
Rises superior to ignoble fear:
I still will hope, that soon, the clouds withdrawn,
A brighter day shall on my prospect dawn.

T. W.

ODE ON THE JENNERIAN INSTITUTION.

HARK yon groan of deep despair!
Echoes from yon murky cell;
Pale disease, and haggard care,
There in sad assemblage dwell;
There on her loathsome pallet sickness lies,
There want with tottering step and hollow eyes,
There giant horror sits and yells aloud,
There with a fiend-like crowd
The ruthless monarch of the silent tomb,
With pallid look and ghastly mien,
Prepares to strike and seal the victim's doom,
He screams, he strikes the blow, clos'd is the awful scene,
What hand shall check the falling blow?
Wipe off the tear, and stop the tide of woe?
What friendly voice shall bid your sorrows cease?
And to your wounded spirits whisper peace?
A hand there was ordain'd by heaven to save,
And snatch the wasted victims from the grave,
The power malign of fell disease destroy,
And rouse the public to a common joy.
Lo! Industry at his command,
With soft contentment hand in hand,
And ruddy health appear;
Lo! Beauty comes with heighten'd grace,
Decks with new charms the rosy face,
And blooms thro' many a year.
Heaven with success has crown'd a JENNER's toils,
And dove-ey'd charity approving smiles;
Fame sounds her trump from distant shore to shore,
And gives his name to last till names shall be no more.

SUNDAY MORNING.

HAIL, sacred day! the first of sev'n,
By God design'd for rest;
Our songs sincere ascend to Heav'n,
And be for ever blest.

Hail, lovely girl! thyself attire,
And deck thy lily arms;
Listen to one, who must admire,
Thy all-resplendent charms.

To that Omniscient Power above,
Matilda sends her prayers,
Her willing penitence to prove,
To ease her earthly cares.

On that blest day to church she goes,
The Laura of the place;
Her smiles to me ensure repose,
Illume her beauteous face.

Ah, chaste Matilda! if you knew,
What pangs of love I feel,
To me for ever you'd be true,
For me your bosom seal.

Yes, fairest rose! in binding chains
A captive heart you lead;
Believe a pris'ner's tort'ring pains,
And cease to make it bleed.

Then lovely maid, in thy fair breast,
My constant heart I'll leave,
There to remain for ever blest,
And never more to grieve.

Literary Review.

Phantasmagoria; or, Authentic Relations of all the most remarkable Apparitions and Visions, which have appeared, from the earliest periods to the present Time; including Dreams of a very singular Nature, and other ominous Circumstances, which have led to the most astonishing and extraordinary Events, by their Operation on the Human Mind. The whole carefully selected from ancient and modern History; including Glanville, Bowman, Aubrey, Moreton, Duncan, Campbell, and many other celebrated Writers, who have made supernatural Appearances their peculiar Study.

THE powerful effects of *Queen Mab*, and appearances of departed friends, are here offered the public upon the best authorities. The editor seems to have made his selection with much diligence and care.

Rural Philosophy, or Reflections on Knowledge, Virtue, and Happiness, chiefly in Reference to a Life of Retirement in the Country. By Ely Bates, Esq.

DR. Zimmermann's Treatise on Solitude, has avowedly given birth to these reflections, which are divided into four parts, each containing three sections. Mr. Bates, however, has been misled by a false translation of the German author; and candor must certainly acknowledge, that no critic can decide on the merits of a work, without he is perfectly acquainted with the author's language and style. The faults of a trans-

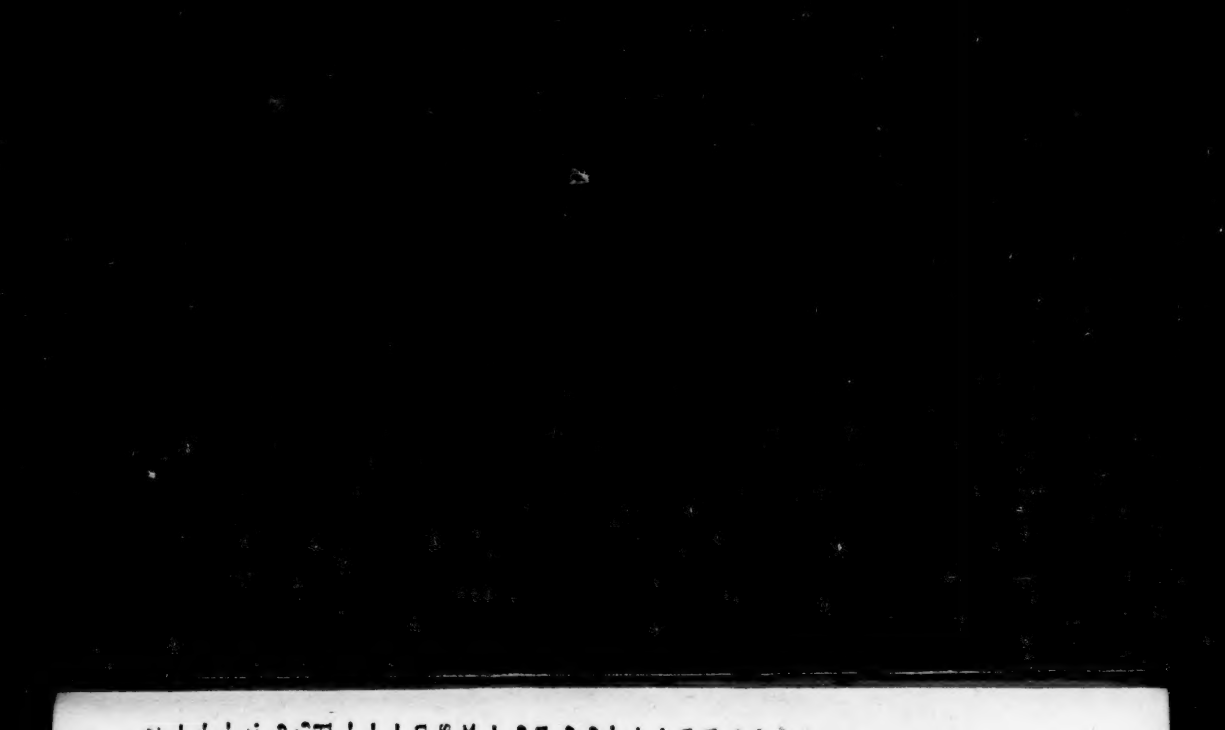
lator are not to be attributed to the original. We must also observe, that whatever may be the principles of Voltaire and Rousseau, some of their sentiments may, with great propriety, be occasionally quoted. Mr. Bates's remarks on education, and other parts of his work, are, notwithstanding, worthy the reader's attention.

The Mysterious Father ; a Novel. In 4 Volumes. By a Lady.

THOUGH our circulating libraries overflow with this species of writing, yet, at present, it is at such a very low ebb, it is always with extreme apprehension whenever we take up one for the purpose of exercising our duty, and apprizing the public of either its merits or defects. In the present instance, however, we have been agreeably diappointed, for the Mysterious Father s as superior to the general run of novels as Cherry's comedy of the Soldier's Daughter is to the majority of modern plays. Ellen, or more properly Rebecca, the heroine of this work, is not drawn as a prodigy of virtue, but possessing a considerable share of good sense, and benevolence, and yet, at times, imprudent and unguarded.—This is certainly depicting human nature as she is! The incidents are dexterously managed; they are gradually introduced without violating probability, and the *mystery*, which is not revealed, till, in the last volume, is not " A Tale of Mystery," or " A Tale of Terror," calculated to please children

or terrify old maids; but a story, ingeniously and naturally contrived, imbibing the admirable lessons of obedience to parents, and resignation to the Divine will. The author's style is easy and correct.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS
FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

GEORGE Norton, Wild-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, carpenter. Thomas Bowen, Charing-cross, watch-maker. George Bush, Bristol, chymist. James Bell, Coningsby, Lincoln, miller. William Downham, Heaten Norris, Lancaster, timber-merchant. James Grinrod and Michael Guest, Lancaster, cotton-merchants. William Shawcross, Romilly, Chester, John Tomlinson, Manchester, and James Consterdine, Denton, Lancaster, cotton-spinners. Joseph Coulthard, Bell Wharf, Lower Shadwell, victualler. Robert White-Cambridge, scrivener. John Beaumont, Dorset-street, Spitalfields, cabinet-maker. George Robinson and John Robinson, Paternoster-row, booksellers. Edward Thornton, Stroud, Gloucestershire, apothecary. John Bridcoake, Bedford, near Leigh, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturer. John Epworth, White-Rose-court, Coleman-street, jeweller. Elizabeth Birch, William Birch, and William Marsh, Fleet-street, paper-stainers. William Corbett, Gray's Inn, money-scrivener. Joseph Harris, Keynsham, Somersetshire, tanner. Daniel Higgs, Chipping, Sodbury, Gloucestershire, liquor-merchant. William Oxenham, Exeter, tallow-chandler. Joel Yeardley the younger and Richard Jones, Sheffield, York, linen-drapers. John Carpenter, late of Thetford, Norfolk, dealer. John Salisbury, Manchester, cotton-spinner. John Metcalfe, Be-

dale, York, plumber. Francis Simpson, Lancaster, merchant. Franklin Gardner, Butt-lane, Deptford, mariner. Wm. Cuff, Smithfield-bars, hardwareman. Owen Macdonagh, Bennett-street, St. James, Middlesex, victualler. Samuel Hamilton, Shoe-lane, printer. James Erwin, Wood-street, London, warehouseman. Charles Jarmin and James Attwood, Oxford-street, boot and shoe-makers. Charles John Geris, Circus, Minories, merchant. John Simpson, Liverpool, merchant. Richard Bowden, Manchester, manufacturer. John Warlow, Haverfordwest, common-brewer. Charles Osborne, Wapping-street, surgeon. John Patrick Mills, Ford-street, Colchester, shopkeeper. William Fowler, Rochester, dealer. Elizabeth Smith, Well's-street, Oxford.road, linen-draper. William Baldwin, Holt, Norfolk, grocer. Henry Wilson, Claines, Worcestershire, dealer. Hugh Baker, Bristol, tailor. William Jones, Strangford, Herefordshire, dealer in cattle. John Michael Shenstone, Portsea, Southampton, salesman. John Derbyshire, Witton, Cheshire, inn-keeper. William Goodman, Wolverhampton, tin-plate-worker. John Baxter, Harwich, linen-draper. Daniel Wilcox, Liverpool, sailmaker. John Barr, Wantage, Berkshire, money-scrivener. Matthew Garland, Grove-street, Deptford, victualler. John Coulson, Crown-street, Finsbury-square, grocer. Henry James, late of St. Mary Axe, merchant. William Hanhex the younger, of the parish of Penn, Stafford, sheep and pig dealer. Mark Evill, late of Tiverton, Somerset, common-brewer. Thomas Lightfoot, Lawton, Lancaster, manufacturer. John Burrough, Red Lion-street, Spitalfields, baker. Francis Adam Witty, Great Earl-street, Seven Dials, ironmonger. Robert Price, Cannon-street, stationer. William Chalklen, Deptford, draper.